# The Outlook

Vol. 62 August 12, 1899 No. 15

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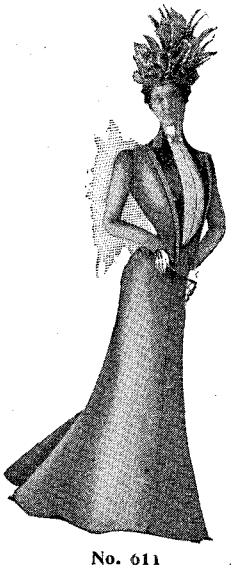

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# The Outlook

Published Weekly

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**The War in Luzon** There has been little fighting in Luzon since the capture of Calamba, on Laguna de Bai, by General Hall's forces and the futile attempt of the Filipinos, on July 30, to recapture the place. They were repulsed by our troops in this attempt after some comparatively severe fighting; our total loss at Calamba was seven killed and twenty wounded. Calamba is a town of some 12,000 population, and its situation on the lake makes it a desirable point to hold. A minor engagement with insurgents is reported from the island of Cebu. Another incident of the week was the reported capture by the insurgents of the steamer Saturnus, sailing under American colors. At San Francisco there have now arrived the Oregon, Nebraska, and Pennsylvania volunteer regiments and the hospital ship Relief. The press reports of interviews with officers and men show that their feeling is strongly corroborative of the opinion expressed by General Lawton, General King, and others—that to hold territory gained in the war a much larger force is needed than that now being provided, probably, from 75,000 to 100,000 men. It is noticeable also that the returned officers are silent in regard to General Otis's conduct of the war, while they are eager in praise of General Lawton, General Hall, and others in the field. Colonel Mulford, of the Nebraska regiment, stated that only one man in that regiment had re-enlisted. Lieutenant-Colonel Eager of the same regiment said:

> There is a great deal of fighting yet to be done. It is fighting of the very hardest and most harrowing kind, too. Really it amounts to bushwhacking, such as the American soldiers were required to do against the Indians in early days in this country. Personally, I do not care to give my opinion as to the wisdom of fighting for the islands. I have no objection in stating, however, that all the men think that the price we are paying for our new possessions is far in excess of what they are worth. I know that the men would be willing now to relinquish the struggle to any other Power that might desire to take up the burden.

The opinion already expressed by The Outlook, that the civil and military administration in the Philippines should no longer be placed in one man's hands, and that the military command should be at once assigned to whomsoever the President may consider the ablest soldier in the country, is gaining ground throughout the country, if we may judge by press comments. It is still too early, perhaps, to expect Secretary Root to indicate his intentions, but the people trust that, under his direction, the War Department will quickly develop energy and definiteness of policy.

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**Mr. Alger's Defense** Ex-Secretary Alger has given to the public a statement in defense of his conduct in the War Department, taking as the occasion for this statement a recent article in the London "Times." Briefly summarized, General Alger says, that the army was increased, within sixty days from the declaration of war, from twenty-five thousand men to two hundred and seventy-five thousand men, and that the strain upon the resources of the Department was accordingly great; that the officers of the Volunteer regiments were chiefly appointed by the Governors of the States, and that, therefore, the charge of appointments by special favor has no ground; that the great majority of the appointments of superior officers were of men who had seen service; that most of the appointments from Washington were made by the President—although in many cases upon the recommendation of the Secretary—and that "no better, more loyal or patriotic set of men as a whole ever served their country;" and, finally, that any



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criticisms as to amounts and methods of expenditures are false, as no dollar was misappropriated out of the hundreds of millions expended. General Alger's reply is as interesting for what it omits as for what it says. Without disputing his assertions, it may be noted: that he says nothing of the important fact that the breaking out of war found the War Department without any adequate preparation, although it had for months been believed that war was imminent, and the Navy Department had been working night and day to be ready, with results we all know; nothing of the notorious failures and blunders in the Quartermaster's and Commissary Departments—for which the War Department was directly responsible—blunders which were described in Mr. Kennan's letters in The Outlook, and have been demonstrated over and over again beyond refutation; that while his remarks about the appointments are true in regard to most of the line appointments of officers, there were numerous staff and bureau appointments which bore evidence of personal favoritism—appointments which in some cases have been canceled because of the incompetency of the officers; that he says nothing of his remarkable proposal to leave the soldiers in Santiago where they were until the fever had "run its course" and that he was driven to recall the troops only by the famous "round-robin" of the officers. It is true, also, that while the military court of inquiry exonerated the head of the War Department from furnishing "embalmed beef," and canned meat unfit to use, it did emphatically condemn the purchase of unnecessarily and even enormously large quantities of the canned beef, and the furnishing of improper clothing and arms to the soldiers, and in other points criticised the action of the Department in terms that would have been considered scathing if it were not for the fact that to some extent this was balanced by other words of commendation. Even during last spring's campaign in the Philippines, our Volunteer soldiers were furnished with weapons inferior to those used by the Filipinos. These are only part of the just criticisms which to-day are made against the War Department. It is true that no charges of fraud have been responsibly made, and it is also true that the pressure upon the Department was very great, but unless we entirely mistake the trend of public opinion, it is equally true that by that opinion the War Department is held responsible for serious neglect, and for the entrance of political influence into military affairs.

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**Governor Roosevelt to the Methodists**

The largest audience ever gathered in the Auditorium at Ocean Grove, N. J., greeted Governor Roosevelt there last week, when Mr. Roosevelt delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology. His subject was "Practical Politics and Decent Politics," and his hearers numbered more than twelve thousand persons. The speaker rightly declared that questions of political life might well come before a body such as that at Ocean Grove, since, in the long run, political life must correspond to the social and religious life. It is idle, he affirmed, for the mass of good people to set themselves apart as not responsible for our political shortcomings. In the end, the politicians must be exactly what the people allow them to be. They must represent the people—perhaps the vice, perhaps the virtue, perhaps the indifference of the people. This does not in the least excuse politicians who are bad, as Mr. Roosevelt made haste to say; but we must keep in mind the fact that every vicious, above all, every successful politician, tends to debauch public conscience, to render bad men bolder, and decent men, who are not far-sighted, more cynically indifferent than ever. If, in blaming the politician, we forget that we are ourselves to blame for permitting his existence, we should not fall into the mistake of thinking that we shall ever make politics better by hysterics. "Wild denunciation of all politicians, good or bad, is the very thing most advantageous to the bad politician, because such denunciation, being one-half false, loses all practical effect, as it is impossible to separate the true from the false." "Remember that your highest duty to the State is to see that you do all that within you lies to elevate the standard of public life, to demand honesty and efficiency in your public men, and to frown on the system of lying slander which would teach you

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that there is no good and no bad, no black and no white, that everything is gray, and every man a time-server who will do as much ill as he dares." Another form of hysterics, against which the hearers were cautioned, is that of sudden uprightness, of "sudden insurrections of virtue."

Do not get into the habit of permitting things to drift from bad to worse, with the belief that you can always apply a revolutionary remedy. You might just as well expect to conduct a private business safely on such principles as to get a satisfactory government by their application in public life. Revolutions are sometimes necessary, but government by revolution is not a success.

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**Courage and Common Sense in Politics**

Coming to a practical illustration, Mr. Roosevelt fearlessly declared it to be a shame to us as a nation, that we should have tolerated for New York City an administration against which it is necessary to war, not on grounds of political expediency, but on grounds of elementary morality. With the Governor of New York, we also believe that we can never have politics on any satisfactory basis until we make it understood that dishonesty in a public servant is an unpardonable sin; that corruption of any kind will not be condoned for any consideration of party efficiency. This is decent politics, and therefore practical politics. Governor Roosevelt, however, did not stop here; he reminded his audience that this was not all due to practical politics. It is not enough to do what is honest ourselves, and to insist on honesty in others.

You have also got to possess courage, and, finally, you have got to possess common sense. Courage, because, if there is one individual who is not entitled to exist in a community like ours, it is the timid good man. You all of you remember how Wesley, when remonstrated with because his hymn tunes were considered too joyous, too full of fire for religious music, answered that he did not intend to allow the devil to monopolize the good tunes. Just so we should be careful not to let the devil's agents monopolize the courage and the common sense, while the workers for righteousness confine themselves strictly to high principles and good intentions. . . . If good people are afraid to assert themselves, if they shrink from the hurly-burly of politics, if they won't go to caucuses and the polls, and if they confine themselves to lamenting the amount of evil there is scattered through the world, they are not going to make much progress, and the politician who has neither fear nor scruple will always beat those who have scruples, but who also have fears. To beat him as he should be beaten, you have got to marshal the men who are scrupulous in their morals, who believe in decency and right, and who, so far from having any fear, are ready, if need be, to smite with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

So much and more as to courage. As to common sense: "Take Abraham Lincoln's words, when he said that if he could not get the best, then he was going to get the best possible. Never be content with evil, never accept apologies for what is bad, but do not throw away the chance to get good merely because it is not the best that could be obtained under ideal conditions." If practical politics must be the politics of decency, courage, and common sense, it must also be the politics of hard work.

❀

**State Politics**

Maryland Democrats, in their State Convention last week, evaded the financial issue in their platform, and nominated a gold Democrat for Governor. Even on the question of the Philippine war, no sharply defined issue was made with the Republicans—the platform merely declaring against the censorship of the press, the maintenance of a large standing army in time of peace, and entangling alliances with foreign nations. Trusts, of course, were viewed "with alarm," on the ground that they stifle competition, threaten popular government, and increase the cost of living, but no concrete measures were proposed against them. Although Mr. Gorman was not present, it was emphatically his Convention. On State issues there was an encouraging demand for the non-partisan administration of the police department of Baltimore, and of the public schools of the entire State, but there was also a strenuous attempt to keep alive race feeling through an arraignment of the Republican party because of the numerous violations of the law on the part of the negroes. The Iowa Republicans in their State Convention renominated Governor Shaw, and readopted their declaration of last year in favor of giving the gold standard "the validity and vitality of public law." The administration of President McKinley was warmly eulogized for restoring prosperity in this country, and enlarging "the area of freedom in two oceans." On the

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question of trusts a mild plank was adopted, declaring that "industry and commerce should be left free to pursue their methods according to the natural laws of the world," but that, when combinations prove hurtful, they must be restrained. The remarkable plank of the platform, however, was one introduced at the request of Senator Allison, favoring legislation to build up American shipping. Although equivocally drawn, this resolution is naturally regarded as an indorsement of the Hanna Ship Subsidy Bill, promising to American ship owners for the next twenty years a bounty of nearly ten per cent. a year upon the cost of their ships. That Iowa farmers should favor taxing themselves to pay such a bounty to ship owners seems almost as unthinkable as that Eastern ship owners should favor taxing themselves to pay farmers for twenty years a ten per cent. bounty on the cost of their land. Certainly a bounty to farmers would develop shipping, as much as a bounty to shipping would develop farming, and there is little reason why the Government should treat the two industries differently.

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**The Cœur d'Alène Rioters**

Paul Corcoran, the first of the union miners to be tried for the destruction of the Standard Oil plant at Wardner, Idaho, and the killing of one of the employees, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to seventeen years in State's prison. The verdict was the more emphatic an expression of the popular condemnation of dynamite methods, because the personal character of the accused had been well thought of, and no evidence was produced to prove his active participation in the actual killing. "The verdict meant," says the report published in the Spokane "Spokesman Review," "that guilty knowledge of the conspiracy, unattended by any personal lawlessness, made every leader of the riots responsible for the death of James Shayne, and it meant that every one of them might face the same sentence." Yet, says this report, the only serious dispute in the jury-room was with one juror, who for hours insisted that the verdict should be murder in the first degree. Two hundred and fifty prisoners are still confined in the "bull-pen" at Wardner awaiting trial. The alleged cruel treatment of these men by the negro troops on guard, the hostility to the miners' union shown by the Federal and State authorities at Wardner in forbidding the employment of any miner who would not repudiate the union, and the grievances of the union against the Standard Oil Company because of its exceptional reduction of miners' wages, have all been brought to the attention of President McKinley by a trade-union delegation, accompanied by Senators Carter, of Montana, and Heitfeld, of Idaho, and the facts have been widely published by the labor press of the country. Nevertheless, the conviction that powder and dynamite are intolerable methods of redressing wrongs prevented the widespread sympathy for the miners from being turned into condonation of their crimes.

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**Governor Candler's Appeal**

Governor Candler, of Georgia, last week issued an appeal to the people of his State to join him in putting down mob violence. He states that a small minority of the white people of the State are responsible for the lynchings, just as a small minority of the blacks are responsible for the crimes provoking them; but points out that, because of the repeated outbreaks, reproach is heaped upon the whole commonwealth. "We must," he says, "do away with the mob. We must re-enthrone the law. Lynch law does not stop arson nor murder nor robbery nor rape. This requires the strong power of the statute law, sustained by a healthy, vigorous public sentiment. The ordinary processes of the law are sufficient to punish all crimes. Our judges are incorruptible; our juries seldom make mistakes. The mob often makes mistakes. It never knows where to stop, but, drunk with the blood of one victim, it thirsts for the blood of another, and often sacrifices on the altar of vengeance those who are guiltless of any crime." In order to secure greater popular confidence in the processes of law, Governor Candler makes an appeal to the bar of the State to use its influence not only to discountenance mob violence, but to aid courts and juries in bringing accused persons to speedy trial. "It is the

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duty of a lawyer," the Governor admits, "to see that his client has a fair and impartial trial, but he should not resort to technicalities and pretexts to defeat the ends of justice or even to delay the enforcement of penalties." Better still than this appeal was the action of Governor Candler two days after its issue, when a negro charged with criminal assault was imprisoned in a county jail fifty miles from Atlanta and was in danger of being lynched. Governor Candler promptly instructed the sheriff to protect the prisoner at all hazards, and, when the excitement continued to increase, he first ordered a company of militia to the scene, and then took charge himself and brought the prisoner back to Atlanta. Such words and, above all, such acts as these, promise that the Southern public will not long permit private vengeance to usurp the functions of public justice.

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**The Mazet Investigation** The sessions of the Mazet Legislative Committee were resumed in this city last week, and the people were treated to further exhibitions of machine methods of municipal government—exhibitions at once amusing and convincing. Thus, it was shown by admissions of department heads, and from the testimony of Messrs. Horgan and Slattery, that the firm of Horgan & Slattery, architects, regularly receive from the departments all city architectural work which the law does not order offered to open competition. The unison of the Tammany officials in choosing this particular firm without calling upon others for estimates seems marvelous, until it is known that the firm has intimate connections with party leaders and an obvious "pull." The interesting facts have also evolved that the firm of Horgan & Slattery has no high standing among the architects of the city; that it has built no famous edifices; that it (or a preceding firm of the same name) once went into bankruptcy with liabilities of nearly $200,000 and no assets, and that the present firm is really composed of the wives of Messrs. Horgan & Slattery, who employ their husbands on salary while the latter (one of whom declared on the stand, "I am the peer of any architect in the land") own only ten dollars' worth of stock each in the concern. This testimony, with that taken at previous sessions, goes far to show that there is a complete system of giving city work to favored contractors, who have gained influence with the Tammany leaders by campaign contributions or otherwise. The other branch of the week's inquiry was into the conduct and functions of the Municipal Assembly, nearly all of whom were subpœnaed. Some of the members said that they thought the office of Borough President useless, and that it should be abolished or some specific things to do assigned the Borough Presidents; that the system of taxing the Borough is unjust; that the Municipal Assembly should be abolished, because it is now only a place for "grabs" and rivalries between the Boroughs; that no public improvements were being made by the present city government, and that in Brooklyn particularly the need of improvements was deplorably pressing. These and other assertions and notorious facts show beyond question that a thorough charter revision is necessary, and the question must come up before the next Legislature. The Assemblymen argued that the recent Supreme Court *mandamus* ordering them to issue certain bonds, and the legal effort to punish them for non-compliance, were tyrannical and a clear attempt to interfere with a legislative body by a court. On the other hand, it has been urged that, in one instance at least, the order called for the exercise not of a legislative but of a ministerial function, because the State Legislature had ordered the specific work done and had—and this within its legal rights—ordered the city to issue the bonds. Mr. Moss, of the Mazet Committee, however, believes that the Assembly, in refusing to issue $2,000,000 of bonds for street-paving (whatever may be said of other refusals), has stood between the taxpayers and a Tammany plot to squander money.

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**Removing a Disgrace** At the Conference of Charities and Correction held in New York in 1898, Mr. J. H. Smyth, ex-Minister and Consul-General to Liberia, brought forcibly to the attention of the people who were present from all parts of the country the position of the delinquent negro children of his native State, Virginia. The negro population of

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Virginia has doubled in the past thirty years. In the penitentiaries of that State in 1882 there were 210 delinquent negroes between the ages of ten and thirty-five; in 1896 and 1897 there were 1,325. Virginia has never separated the sexes in her penitentiaries, men and women, boys and girls being put into the same prison. The result has been the graduation of criminals, due to this association of children with adults sentenced for the extremest crimes. Eight years ago a reformatory for white boys was established, but no negro boy is eligible as an inmate for this reformatory, although its charter does not exclude negroes. In 1897 a negro Reformatory Association was formed in Virginia with a Board of Directors of negroes, and an Advisory Board of seven white men. It was decided to purchase a farm and provide workshops where the needs of the inmates of the reformatory, when established, would be supplied, thus making the reformatory self-supporting, and providing the opportunity for practical teaching of the trades at the same time. Mr. Collis P. Huntington, of New York, has purchased a farm of over a thousand acres, adjoining one of four hundred owned by the Association, on which he will erect buildings to be used as reformatories for negro children. This farm is located near Richmond. It is estimated that there are now over three thousand children housed in the various penitentiaries of Virginia with adults; boys sentenced for robbing orchards and melon-patches are working in the chain-gangs and sleeping in the cells or "shacks" with men sentenced for murder and lesser crimes. The judges of Virginia have agreed to send negro minors to the reformatory as soon as it is established, and the prison authorities throughout the State will at once transfer the negro minors from the penitentiaries to the reformatory, now made possible at an early date.

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**Better Conditions in Shops**

The conditions under which women and children worked in commercial establishments were for years a disgrace to the retail commercial world in this country. The fight to secure better laws which would compel the maintaining of better conditions has been long and bitter, and the progress that has been made has been gained inch by inch. To-day there are mercantile establishments in New York that have gone far in advance of any law, or even any request of reformers. Several houses have established lunch-rooms and libraries, two or three have provided gymnasium and recreation-rooms, and one establishment has opened bath-rooms for the use of the employees during the lunch hour, and a vacation house at the seashore for the use of its employees. One large house closes Friday at six P.M., and opens Monday morning, giving all day Saturday to the employees during July and August. Without doubt, these improved conditions, as well as the laws governing the employments of women and children, are due to the activities of the Consumers' Leagues, now established in several States. Not only have the conditions been bettered where legislation has been secured, but the force of public sentiment in several States has compelled mercantile houses to establish better conditions, even where legislation in this direction absolutely failed. All of which shows the value of educated public opinion organized to secure definite results.

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**Gold, Iron, Wool, Wheat, and Corn**

Midsummer commercial records continue the gratifying history of the half year already reported in these columns. Business failures for July were the smallest for any month on record, excepting May of this year, when the failures throughout the country did not reach four million dollars. Compared with July, 1898, the record for last month is one-third better. Speaking of the financial outlook, "Dun's Review" says: "London again recognizes the financial power of this country. The Bank of England virtually admits that it cannot draw from New York the gold it needs; exchange moves to the importing point; over a million dollars starts from Sydney to San Francisco; London's net buying of stocks has been forty thousand shares, and bills against produce to be shipped are very heavy. When it is known that over thirty-two million dollars' worth of the stocks of four leading American railroads were sent here by London during the past eighteen months, the foreign buy-

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ing may prove important. Heavy shipments come from Alaska, and official reports show that the United States mines produce over sixty-five million dollars' worth yearly." Compared with last year, New York banks show great increase in deposits and loans. This change in finances is not unlike that in industries, Europe searching for wool here at fifty cents and for pig iron at twenty dollars a ton. A vast demand for both materials has fallen upon the commercial world, and, according to the authority quoted above, only this country appears able to meet it. Europeans talk of a wool famine, while we have on hand a year's consumption or more besides this year's clip, and prices are not yet as high as they were in February of last year, when stocks were many million pounds larger. The shipments of wheat last month were notably larger than in July, 1898, those of the last week alone being fifteen hundred thousand bushels more than those for the corresponding week a year ago. Such shipments continue to support hopes of great foreign demand for wheat. The record of shipments of corn is even more potent in that regard, being twice as large as those for July, 1898. The month's railway earnings were seventeen per cent. greater than last year.

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**San Domingo** Those who are interested in the immediate prospects of the Republic of San Domingo have their choice of two versions of the condition of affairs since the assassination of President Heureaux. The friends of Vice-President Figuero continue to assert that there is not the slightest danger of disturbance; that tranquillity prevails; that General Figuero will fulfill the duties which devolve upon him until February, 1901, when the Constitution calls for a new election. On the other hand, General Jiminez, the head of the revolutionary movement, who is now in Cuba, asserts that the Republic will declare at any moment for Jiminez, and the dispatches usually add "probably to-morrow." The revolutionists assert that Heureaux violated the Constitution over and over again, by procuring his own re-election, while the Constitution allows a President to hold office only for a single term. This is the common order of things in the small Spanish American Republics. Almost all of the South American Republics have precisely this proviso for one presidential term; and the customary course in politics in these countries is for a President to overrule the Constitution on this point, and then a revolution follows promptly, the result of which determines which one of two would-be dictators shall govern. As far as we can judge from contradictory letters, General Heureaux, as we have said before, was a man of great ability; it is probably equally true that he was—from the Anglo-Saxon point of view—unscrupulous as to his personal and financial ends. As between Figuero and Jiminez, an American can now judge with difficulty; but there always remains the conservative feeling that the man in power can better be trusted than a revolutionist. The United States vessels the New Orleans and Machias are now at San Domingo, and will watch the interests of American citizens. San Domingo's sister-republic, Hayti, is also in a disturbed condition, and complications with this country are presumably possible, because of an asserted violation of the sanctity of the United States legation in the arrest of a revolutionary prisoner. Our Government holds that it is unwise for United States Consuls to make an asylum of the Consulate for a fugitive from justice; but it will resent any breach of propriety or improper treatment of the United States Consulate.

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**Samoa** Fuller summaries of the report of the Joint High Commission on Samoa have been made public. These explain some apparent contradictions in the partial report heretofore published, and also show that summary to have been decidedly incomplete. It was evident that, in recommending the abolition of the kingship, the Commissioners were trying to do away with one of the great obstacles to peaceful government in Samoa—the great rivalries of the opposing native parties and their leaders. It was also evident that the Commissioners were trying in some way to obviate the constant block in government caused by the very nature of a tripartite international agreement; but it was not evident what working plan was to be substituted. It now

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appears from the full report that it is recommended that a single Administrator should be put in charge at Samoa, aided by a council of three delegates from England, Germany, and the United States. This Administrator, it is proposed, shall be chosen from some disinterested Power by the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, and if they cannot agree, then the Administrator shall be chosen by the King of Norway and Sweden. This is certainly an original proposition, and it will be interesting to see how it pleases the three Great Powers. It has some promise in it, if once successfully put into operation, but the preliminary difficulties are obviously great. The Commissioners do not conceal their opinion that the interests of Samoa would be best served by its government through a single Power. How to reach such a consummation, however, the Commissioners do not suggest. The report provides for a system of courts to be governed by the natives themselves, for district government by chiefs, for the absolute cessation of consular jurisdiction, and for the enlarging of the already very great powers of the Chief Justice, except as the new office of Administrator may curtail some of his functions. Very recent dispatches from Samoa state that the two parties of natives have agreed to accept the new form of government, if it is ratified by the Powers. The leaders of the Malietoa party have even, it is said, expressed a desire for annexation as the best solution of the questions in dispute, but without any indication of the nation to which they would choose to be annexed. In the absence of Chief Justice Chambers, who has returned to the United States, the former United States Consul, Mr. Osborne, is to act as Chief Justice, and it is probable that he will receive the permanent appointment to the place. Dr Solf, the German President of the Municipal Council, objected to the appointment of Mr. Osborne, claiming that he himself was entitled to the honor, but, under pressure from the German Commissioner, Dr. Solf withdrew his opposition. German papers, and especially the Cologne "Gazette," regard the settlement proposed as practically a defeat for German interests. To the non-diplomatic mind it must be admitted that, while the Commission has disposed of some of the causes of past trouble, it does not seem to have formulated a plan which can be put into operation quickly and without further international debate and compromise.

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**Old Age Pensions** After about fifteen years of active agitation, the advocates of old age pensions in England have secured a favorable report from a Committee of the House of Commons. The first report made by the Committee of the House of Lords in 1887 was emphatically opposed to the proposal; the second, made by the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, in 1895, was more doubtful in its disapproval, and a minority recommended further inquiry; the third, made a year ago, by a Committee appointed by the Ministry, was adverse to all the schemes considered, and doubtful as to whether any scheme could be devised that would not discourage thrift and overburden the taxpayers if it afforded any real relief to the pensioned. This last report seemed to give the movement for old age pensions its quietus so far as present public action was concerned, and yet, almost on its heels we have the present report, recommending that all working people who have never been a public charge shall be entitled to a pension of five shillings a week—or $5 a month—after they have reached the age of sixty-five. The exclusion of those who have previously received poor relief is designed to meet the objection that old-age pensions would discourage thrift, but the Committee permits a part of this objection to remain by excluding all persons with an income from any source of ten shillings a week. Charles Booth's plan of giving the pension to all persons over sixty-five, no matter how well to do, would probably be but little more costly to the treasury, and would far more effectually accomplish the Committee's aim to furnish honorable relief to old people without encouraging improvidence. The approximate cost of the plan has fortunately been made clear by Mr. Booth, its greatest exponent, whose wide sympathies never get the better of his statistical judgment. Five shillings a week to all men and women over sixty-five would cost the United Kingdom about £20,000,000 a year—or two-thirds of its receipts from

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the taxes on intoxicants — and would greatly lessen the present poor rates, which now cost the local governments in England £10,000,000 a year. It is this last fact that explains the vitality of the old-age pension movement in England. Twenty-six per cent. of the people in England over sixty-five are already the direct recipients of public relief, besides those aided by private charities. In our own country, if we exclude those honorably pensioned by the National Government, the number receiving help from the public is relatively insignificant—the inmates of public institutions, including orphanages, numbering less than one hundred thousand. It is because conditions are so much better here that this country is able to rely on the individual and the family for the care of the old, when England is forced to consider comprehensive State action.

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**Germany's Consular System**

Our Consul General at Berlin, Mr. F. H. Mason, has sent a peculiarly pertinent report to the State Department on the education of German Consuls. He says that the purpose of the proposed consular reforms in Germany has been dictated by the new and enlarged functions which are imposed upon the foreign service by the expansion of Germany's foreign trade, and by the valiant fight which the country is preparing to make for a leading and permanent place in all important foreign markets. The propositions now under consideration are two: First—To retain practically the present consular organization and to strengthen the commercial efficiency of the consulates by assigning to them commercial *attachés*—a plan that has been found to work well in the German Consulates in the United States. Second—To abolish permanent Consuls (Berufsconsuln) and appoint in their stead experienced and capable merchants, who will give to the Consular office a definite commercial character, while its legal and purely official duties are performed by young *attachés* trained in the usual manner. Whichever of the plans may be adopted, says Mr. Mason, there is a general demand that the consular service shall remain, as now, a life career; that the basis of its personnel shall be a corps of consular pupils, selected by competitive examination for their intelligence, energy, and efficiency as students of modern languages, commercial law, and technology, trained by special studies for their career, and then sent out to foreign parts to begin their life work as apprentices. For the purposes of this service, the world will be divided into four or five districts, for each of which the Consular pupil will be specially educated in all that relates to languages, history, and special commercial conditions. In such a division, Great Britain and its English-speaking colonies would constitute one district, the United States a second, South America a third, China and Japan a fourth, the East Indies a fifth. The Consular pupil, prepared and assigned to one of these, would remain there during his career, thus saving the reckless waste of valuable knowledge and experience that occurs where a competent consular officer, familiar with the language and commercial uses of one foreign country, is suddenly transferred to another. We may well take heed from this. Our own interests, commercial and political, would be immensely furthered by the establishment of a similar system.

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**The Russian Famine**

Describing one of the villages in the Russian famine district, a paragraph from a recent letter by the Rev. Alexander Francis, pastor of the Anglo-American Church in St. Petersburg, reads as follows:

> At 10 A.M. we were joined by our forerunners, who immediately took us around the village in two parties, one set visiting one-half and the other set the rest of the houses. There are over four hundred houses; so we had our work cut out for us. I became so sick at the sights that met us that I cried a halt after two hours' work. During that time we did not come upon a single house which had escaped the plague; not one. In many houses, five, six, seven, or even eight people, being is some cases the entire family, were lying in rows on broad benches, which serve the Tartars as beds—all practically naked. On our entrance they simply bared their teeth, which were loose and the gums bleeding, to show that they could not speak, and pointed to their legs, which were crippled with pains, to show that they could not rise to greet us. Some of them had been lying in that state for months, with not a soul to tend them.

Other accounts which have reached this country confirm the above. The famine

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is confined to the eastern provinces, and is due to the lack of crops caused by the long continued drought. As added horrors, both typhoid fever and scurvy, the natural results of foul and inadequate food supplies, are raging in that region. The bubonic plague is now threatening the unhappy people. Two years ago the Indian famine caused a widespread sensation; here is a worse one in Russia. A population of twenty millions of starving and diseased folk appeals for aid. Russians themselves have done much, but the famine and its consequences are too devastating for their withstanding. The appeal to the world for help comes with special force to us. Our historic friendship with Russia; the millions which we have made out of Alaska, sold to us by her for so little; our own present abounding prosperity—these things should be remembered. If anything is to be done, it must be done quickly to be of any use. It costs only seventy-five cents to keep a life for a month. How many would each reader like to save? A committee of prominent New York business men has been formed for the purpose of securing and forwarding relief funds. Mr. J. A. Scrymser, 37 Wall Street, is the treasurer.

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**The Dreyfus Affair** On Monday of this week the court martial assembled for the retrial of Captain Dreyfus, and, after deciding to sit behind closed doors for as many days as are necessary for the examination of the secret *dossier*, adjourned. Captain Dreyfus answered the formal questions of the judges in a clear, determined voice. He sat facing the judges, his hands resting on his knees, an impassive figure. His face was pale; he had become partly bald, and what hair he has is gray and close cropped. He was closely questioned about his knowledge of the *bordereau*, his acquaintance with the various military secrets alleged to have been disclosed, and his personal habits. He declared that he did not know either Esterhazy or Picquart. He denied vehemently again and again any guilt, and, in piercing tones which reached the street, cried, "It is infamous to condemn an innocent man!" Fortunately, so far as Rennes is concerned, the trial opened in an atmosphere of perfect tranquillity. The principal personages arrived at the Lycée, where the trial is being held, with hardly a cheer from the spectators.

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## The Cleveland Boycott

Last June witnessed a strike by the street railway men of Cleveland, Ohio, against the railway company, on the ground that members of their union were discriminated against by the corporation, and that it refused to treat with the representatives of the union. The officials declared that they did not discriminate against union men, and were willing to submit to arbitration most of the questions involved, but they would not consent to discharge men employed by the company for no other reason than that they did not belong to the union. The strike was accompanied with serious obstructions of the traffic, and with some serious rioting. At length, however, terms were agreed upon through a committee of conciliation appointed by the City Council. The company agreed that four cars out of five should be run by the union men, and the union men agreed that the fifth car might be run by non-union men. The company further promised eventual reinstatement of all its old employees who were not convicted of acts of violence. This compromise, however, did not establish friendly relations between the employers and the employed. On the contrary, it introduced a new element of discord. People living along most of the lines of the railroad avoided the cars run by the new or non-union men, partly because they feared lest such men were not competent, chiefly because they sympathized with the union and with the strike which it had initiated. This habit of refusing to ride on cars run by non-union men rapidly extended. How far the union was responsible either for initiating or fostering this boycott is a disputed question. That the non-union cars were discriminated against by sympathizers with the union is certain; that, by way of reprisal, the union men were discriminated against by the company is charged. The result was another strike, and an extension of the boycott to all the cars of the company. But the boycott did not stop here. It was further ex-

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tended to all those who rode in the cars of the company. Dealers refused to sell goods to non-union employees and to passengers who rode in non-union cars. Sympathizers with the strikers refused to purchase of dealers who did not so refuse. It is even reported by the press that the attempt was made to prevent a physician from attending the sick child of a non-union man—an attempt so inhuman that we are reluctant to believe in the truth of the story.

Correspondents from Cleveland give to us, at the date of our writing, contradictory reports respecting the present effectiveness of the boycott. On the one side we are assured that all the cars are running, and that on August 4 they carried about forty-five thousand people. On the other hand we are assured that, at an hour when they are usually crowded, they were relatively empty, and the small number carried, as attested by actual count, is given to us in detailed figures. Leading merchants in Cleveland have united in passing resolutions condemning the boycott as un American and detrimental to the good name of the city, and declaring that employers have no right to dictate to employees or customers as to their use of public conveyances, and will not do so, nor will they accept dictation as to whom they shall trade with. Two hundred and fifty firms and individuals have signed these resolutions, most of them however, it is said, those engaged in the wholeale business.

Such are the facts respecting the Cleve land boycott, as we gather them partly from the Cleveland press, partly from trusted correspondents in the city, sympathizing respectively with the corporation on the one hand and the Union employees on the other.

On behalf of the employees it is affirmed that the boycott has been a spontaneous and voluntary act on the part of the people of Cleveland who have sympathized with the employees; that the reports of violence have been greatly exaggerated, and that most of the violence has been precipitated either by the troops or by armed employees of the company; that the feeling of sympathy with the union men is very strong, especially in those sections where working and middle class people live; that aside from the support of the labor organizations, which are practically unanimous, the strikers have also the sympathy of nearly every fraternal society in the city, whose members have pledged themselves not to ride on the cars, and, in some instances, have raised money for the support of the strikers; and that many of the merchants outside of the city share in this sympathy, and in many cases have contributed to the funds of the union men, and have entered upon the boycott of their own motion, and not under the instigation of the strike leaders.

On the other hand, it is affirmed that the only question at issue has been, Will the company agree to employ only union men? that it has no objection to union men, and does not refuse employment to men because they belong to the union, but that it will not agree to exclude men from employment for no other reason than that they do not belong to the union.

There are certain principles which appear to us very clear, and the application of which should suffice to prevent such scenes as have disgraced the city of Cleveland, and to a certain extent, the name of America. They are three in number:

1. A city ought never to surrender its control of its streets and its means of transportation. If it gives to a private corporation the right to use the streets, and depends on the private corporation for means of transportation, it should have the right to compel that corporation to do what an impartial tribunal says is just and right in its dealing with its employees. Wherever such a franchise is granted it should be accompanied with a provision that whenever a certain proportion of the employees have any complaint to make against the corporation, they shall have a right to demand that the complaint be submitted to an impartial tribunal, and that the corporation must submit to the decision of such tribunal.

2. Laborers have a perfect right to organize, but they also have a perfect right to stay out of labor organizations if they choose. A labor union has no right to require other laborers to join it. Certainly it has no right to make this requirement without the forms of law, or to enforce such requirement by lawless measures. If the issue is simply, May a railroad corporation employ non-union men? there can be no question how an

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impartial tribunal should determine that issue.

3. Any man who sympathizes with the union men has a perfect right to abstain from riding in the cars; any number of men have an equal right; so long as the boycott is confined to a refusal to patronize a corporation, which, for any reason, has made itself unpopular, it is legal, and it may be highly moral. But no man, and no body of men, has a right to require others to abstain from riding in the cars of an obnoxious corporation. A voluntary boycott may be legitimate; an enforced boycott is contrary alike to the principles of Republicanism and to those of a sound morality. We cannot do better on this subject than quote from a letter of the Rev. A. B. Christie, of Cleveland, who is said to have proved himself a warm friend of the strikers, the following paragraph:

> I hold with you that it is perfectly legitimate for your friends to voluntarily abstain from riding on the cars and to enlist as many to your side as possible. Personally, I expect to continue as I have been doing—keep from riding until peace returns through a settlement of your differences. But I cannot go further than that and be true to my master—Jesus Christ. I cannot, as his minister, refuse my services to anyone in distress. I cannot hate my enemies and withhold my neighborly friendship because another does not do as I have freely decided to do. Nor if my wife should differ with me and choose to ride would I engage in domestic war to compel her to follow my example.
>
> It seems to me equally wrong and suicidal for a Christian man to carry such spite toward those who differ with him as to refuse to trade with them, and it is a crime in God's sight to refuse the services of humanity to any who are in distress.

In the Middle Ages a heretic was sometimes excommunicated from the church. When so excommunicated he was practically shut off from all intercourse with his fellowmen, who would neither eat with him, drink with him, buy from him, sell to him, or in any wise recognize his existence. If any trust may be reposed in the reports in the daily papers, the Cleveland boycott has been an attempt to revive this sentence of excommunication and to pronounce it without a responsible tribunal, an accusation, an accuser, or any form of trial. We do not believe that Americans will assent to this revival of one of the worst phases of old-time despotism. We should be glad to record in these columns that all the merchants of Cleveland had signed the protest which we have quoted above.

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# The Plea of the Anti-Expansionists

Dr. David Starr Jordan's volume on "Imperial Democracy"[1] is significant because it is the first book devoted to a discussion of the policy of expansion from the point of view of the anti-expansionist. It is the more significant because, coming from the Pacific coast, it affords evidence that so-called anti-imperialism is not confined to any one section of the country. For this volume is as intense in its hostility to the whole imperialistic, or colonial, or expansion policy as the most intense product of Mr. Atkinson's pen. It is from cover to cover an array of objections to the policy of the present administration in relation to Spain, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. It is clear, though not consistent, vigorous, but deficient in poise and self-restraint, pervaded by an intense conviction, though lacking in that persuasive quality which comes only in connection with ability to comprehend oppugnant convictions; it can be read rapidly, and apparently has been written rapidly. To all expansionists it will be valuable, not because it will have any appreciable effect to change their convictions—the author never gets their point of view sufficiently to affect their convictions—but because it gathers together all the objections, real and imaginary, important and unimportant, and presents, with considerable skill and with that power which always accompanies thoroughly earnest convictions, all the difficulties in the way of the "vigorous foreign policy" which the author so hotly condemns. No doubt there are difficulties, and serious ones, in the way. There are always lions in the path, and he who is not in the least deterred by their appearance may, nevertheless, be very grateful to the opponent who points them out to him. This Dr. Jordan does very effectively.

We do not propose here to report these

[1] *Imperial Democracy*, a study of the relation of government by the people, equality before the law, and other tenets of democracy to the demands of a vigorous foreign policy and other demands of imperial dominion. By David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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objections in detail, nor to answer them. Most of them have heretofore been reported in our columns, which have not lacked a presentation of the replies which seem to the expansionist sufficient. We refer to this volume, first, to tell our readers where to go for the most vigorous presentation of objections to the policy of expansion to be found anywhere in so compact a compass, and, second, to call attention to two defects which it seems to us characterize the arguments of nearly all anti-imperialists: they are almost wholly negative, and they are curiously inconsistent.

These are two defects which very generally go together. The well worn story of the old woman who defended herself from the charge of having broken a borrowed dish, by affirming that she never borrowed the dish and that it was broken when she borrowed it, is typical. The effort of objectors is to find a fatal objection, and if one does not serve, another may. This characteristic of anti-imperialistic literature is strikingly illustrated by Dr. Jordan's volume. He hurls every sort of objection against expansion, quite regardless of the fact that, in some cases at least, one objection contradicts the other. He tells us on one page that no doubt excellent results will come "if we give a stable government to Cuba. Whatever else we say or do, we must give such a government. The nations of the earth will hold us responsible for Cuba through the years to come." But a few pages further on he tells us that we must not give a stable government to the Philippines. "The only sensible thing to do would be to pull out some dark night and escape from the great problem of the Orient as suddenly and as dramatically as we went in." On one page he affirms that the Filipinos do not need our intervention, for they can take care of themselves. "As a matter of fact, of all the people of the tropics the inhabitants of Luzon have shown most promise of fairly wise self rule. All competent judges speak in the highest terms of the Cabinet and Parliament at Malolos and of their wisdom and self restraint." But a little later he asserts that it is useless for us to attempt intervention unless we are prepared to rule this people despotically as a subject race, for they can never be made capable of self-government. "Without the constant pressure of force of arms, law and order and industry have never in any high degree existed in the tropics. Mexico to-day is a land of law and order, but the soldier is everywhere. . . . The conditions of law and order in the Philippines are just the same. You may use native soldiers if you like, but without force order cannot exist."

We have said that the anti-imperialist arguments are almost wholly negative: they object to the policy of expansion without proposing a substitute. Dr. Jordan does, however, propose two alternative plans, and under these two may probably be classified all the policies which have been proposed by different anti-imperialists. The first is "to recognize the independence of the Philippines under American protection, and to lend them our army and navy and our wisest counselors." This would be to render ourselves responsible for the actions of a community we cannot control, and to put our military forces at the command of a community which acknowledges no allegiance to us—a policy which would be as bad in morals as in politics. The alternative plan is the one already quoted: "to pull out some dark night and escape from the great problem of the Orient." The objection to this plan can be stated, with the change of a single word, in Dr. Jordan's own language: "The nations of the world will hold us responsible for the Philippines through the years to come."

In contrast with these plans we restate here briefly the plan of the expansionist, which is both simple and clear; it is already being put into actual operation in Cuba. As fast as order is restored, peace is established, and the sovereignty of the United States is recognized, establish the foundations of a free civilized government. Do what Generals Brooke, Wood, and Wilson are doing in Cuba, and what General Henry has been doing in Porto Rico: enforce sanitary regulations, establish a pure and honest administration; reduce the taxes and give a just return in good government for them; abolish by edict the palpable iniquities of the Spanish law; by the same method, establish such fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon law as the right of every accused person to a speedy trial, to a knowledge of his accusation, and to be confronted with his

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accuser; reorganize courts of law that shall also be courts of justice; establish municipal and other local governments; open free public schools emancipated from ecclesiastical control; abolish all connection between Church and State, and make religion free; invite and secure as fast and as far as possible native co-operation in this beneficent work; and as soon as it has been done and the native population understand by an object-lesson what American civilization means, submit to such of the people as have property, and therefore presumptively some measure of virtue and intelligence, the question whether they wish to be a part of America and under its sovereignty or not. If they do not and it becomes necessary to "pull out," and leave them to care for themselves or to fall a prey to some new power which will conquer and govern them for its own advantage, do so in open day, not under cover of the night, as though we were ashamed of what we were doing. If they desire annexation, then establish with them colonial relations, analogous, though not necessarily identical with those which England has established with her autonomous colonies.

Dr. Jordan invites the friends of annexation to "develop some plan of government, any plan whatever, and its folly and ineffectiveness will speedily appear." The answer is—Cuba; and we invite Dr. Jordan to tell our readers in our columns wherein is the folly or the ineffectiveness of what General Wood is doing in Santiago and General Wilson in Matanzas to establish a just, honorable, and efficient government.

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# The Light of Faith

If there were to be a new beatitude, it might well read, "Blessed are the cheerful;" for to them is given the gift of diffusing hope and courage and joy. It is not too much to say that they are not only light but life bringers; for courage and joy prolong life, as discouragement and despair shorten it. Plants dwindle and die without the sun, and men grow old and perish without the warmth and cheer of hope and courage. If these qualities were purely temperamental, those who lacked them could not hope to possess them; but cheerfulness is not only inheritable, it may be cultivated. A cheerful face is the outward and visible sign of an inward condition, and that condition may be secured by any one who is willing to pay the price of effort and steady purpose which the acquisition of any virtue exacts. It is as easy to cultivate cheerfulness as to cultivate patience or good temper or courtesy. These qualities society demands of every man, and if nature has not bestowed them on him, society insists that he shall cultivate them. The bad-tempered and discourteous person finds himself living in an ever-widening zone of silence and solitude; people do not care for his society, and are eager to give him exclusive enjoyment of it. In like manner, society ought to demand cheerfulness of all its members; the man who spreads depression and breeds discouragement ought to be ostracized, because he strikes at the very heart of the social life. Depression and despair are pre-eminently unsocial vices; and in so far as they are diffused they sap social courage and drain the fountains of social happiness.

The depressed man, whose spirit kills joy and makes gloom contagious, owes it to his fellows to keep his despair to himself, as a man suffering from a contagious disease owes it to society to keep his fellows free from danger. This often involves inconveniences and hardship, but inconveniences and hardship must be borne when the good of society is at stake. Sorrow longs for companionship, and ought never to be denied it; but sorrow and the pessimistic temper have nothing in common. Some of the most beautiful examples of cheerfulness which society has known have been furnished by those whose sorrows were more than their joys. Men need hope and courage for the power of growth and the peace of spirit which these noble qualities bring with them; and cheerfulness is, therefore, a duty which every man owes to his fellows. For cheerfulness and despondency are alike contagious. A discouraged leader can chill the bravest army ever put in the field; a serene, buoyant leader can put resolution into cowards. The roots of cheerfulness are in faith; the hope which shines on the faces of some men and women is the reflection of the light which shines in the face of God.

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# The Spectator

The two rather pompous, silk-hatted old gentlemen seated opposite each other on the elevated that morning were in the midst of a hot controversy when the Spectator came aboard. The subject they were discussing, it was at once made clear, absorbed in his newspaper as the Spectator tried to be, was the true nature of what one of the contestants had called genuine patriotism—the other "brass-band braggadocio," with severe comment upon that laxity in public sentiment tolerating continual disrespect of the National colors. The old gentleman with the gruff, slowly modulated voice, and a gold-headed cane suggesting some memorable occasion in his life, had set his heavy jaw, and, bringing down his cane emphatically, had declared that the grand result of the war with Spain had been the increase of a true and permanent patriotism. "Respect for the American flag, sir, has been established as never before, sir. And it will be maintained, sir, at any cost—at any cost." Whereupon the ruddy, grizzled face of his opponent had taken on a look of scornful incredulity, and only that the Spectator's station was called just then, he would have heard, no doubt, a rousing representation of the other side of the question.

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One of the old gentlemen, it interested the Spectator to learn—the one with the gold-headed cane—had been on the staff of General Fremont in the Civil War; the other—the prophet of disastrous reaction from spurious patriotism—was once a rich planter of the South, impoverished by loyalty to the Lost Cause. "Verily, it would make life more interesting oftentimes," mused the Spectator, "if we all wore tags telling just who we are and what we have done in the world, if anything worth telling." Was it not Theodore Hook who, meeting on the Strand one day a man with an impressive air of being some one of great distinction, approached him with a most deferential bow: "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you please tell me if you are any one of importance?" If the Spectator had but known, upon entering the car, just who the peppery old gentlemen were, what careful attention would he have paid to every word of their dispute, and perhaps taken sides openly with one or the other!

❀

It was a few days after the taking of Santiago. The whole country was on fire with enthusiasm over the victory. The Spectator was one of a carriage party driving over the old Ridge Road south of Lake Ontario—the pleasantest thing to be thought of in the way of a vacation. The Ridge Road is the ancient shore line of the lake, some seven miles from its present boundary—the old trail of the Iroquois, the runner's path between Fort Niagara and the Genesee, the route of the first stages in the locality, an admirable roadbed, given over to the use of the farming population of the region since the deserted old taverns have fallen in decay. Some forty miles east of Lewiston the party were to be the guests of a New York lady at her charming Ridge Road summer home. Their first sight of the old homestead was the Stars and Stripes floating from its flagstaff, and then the piano was heard playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," a troop of boys and girls, gay with the National colors, singing from the upper piazza. But all this was as nothing to what followed as the carriages drove inside the gates: the frisking toward them, over the lawn, of a drove of Jersey calves, beautiful, petted creatures, each blanketed with a flag, a lad in trousers, jacket, and hat of the National colors making them skip and caper as did Jersey calves never before. It was all very unique and amusing; and no doubt, had the old Confederate planter been one of the party, he might have proved a wet blanket indeed, with his denunciation and protest.

❀

The Fourth of July last summer found the Spectator in a country village—one that did not mean to be outdone in a parade. There were the leading men of the county in the very best "hacks" of the livery—each festooned with the colors (leading men as well as carriages and horses); there was a big float canopied with the flag; thirteen young girls, arrayed in the colors, singing National airs; then, what pleased the people most of all, a donkey and cart bearing a clown all

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decked out in the colors, the clown chaffing the sidewalks as he rode along waving a flag; a caricature of a squad of Rough Riders following, the "get-up" of each rider and his rack-a-bone horse consisting largely of red, white, and blue. The neckties of the spectators of both sexes and the sashes and hat-ribbons of the women were largely of the National colors. Not a building on the main street could compare, in its display of bunting, with the disreputable saloon that had a tower of beer-kegs set off with pictures of military heroes, Old Glory floating over all. Could the Spectator doubt that the old Confederate planter would have spoken his mind if he had seen that village parade, described by the local press as surpassing anything ever seen in the locality before—a demonstration of the patriotism of the whole country?

❀

The Spectator has been led to believe that the regular meetings of the patriotic societies are getting to be rather tiresome functions, with their prosy papers culled in an amateurish way from encyclopædias, Fisk, Parkman, etc., and that nothing would put new life into the organizations like a genuine crusade, say, in behalf of reverence for the National colors, and the enforcement of some penalty for disrespect to the same. What a busy time they would have of it on Independence Day! The hostess of the Ridge Road, the Spectator will be pardoned for revealing, is a Daughter of the Revolution (or is it a Daughter of the American Revolution?), her father laying down his life at Gettysburg. The clown of that village parade enlisted not long after, and was one of the heroes never called to the front—not a grumble in his letters at embalmed beef or anything else. It will never do to say that such patriotism is counterfeit, or that the villagers generally willingly consented to the dragging of the flag of the free in the dust, laughing uproariously at the same.

❀

When the American people have once seriously considered the subject, the Spectator is comforted in believing, there will be no more decking out of Jersey calves, or clowns, or saloons, in the National colors. Selah.

# Cuban Industrial Relief

There could be no stronger appeal for aid in this work than that contained in a letter from Mr. Howard to President Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society:

In the work of the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund there is just one hard task—to refuse to give work to the gaunt, hungry-eyed reconcentrados who come asking for it. All of the rest of the industrial work is by comparison easy. It is at least no more difficult than the management of any industrial or business enterprise under similar conditions. But to be compelled to watch these hungry creatures come each morning full of hope for a day's employment that means food for children or helpless old folks at home, and then return, dejected and disappointed, is heartbreaking. We do the best that we can. We employ from day to day all the men, women, and boys that our funds will permit.

THE CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF FUND

(Make checks and money orders payable to The Outlook)

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged | $4,440 62 |
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| Mrs. L. M. C. P., Long Beach, Cal. | 5 00 |
| | $4,967 38 |
| Deduct remittance from W. R. H., intended for Cuban Orphan Fund | 10 00 |
| Total | $4,957 38 |

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# The End of the Peace Parliament

By Percy Alden

The author of this article and of that published in the June Magazine Number of The Outlook—Mr. Percy Alden, Warden of the Mansfield Settlement, in London—went to The Hague as the special representative of The Outlook. We are sure that our readers will be interested in his personal impressions of the closing scenes in this the first great World's Peace Congress. In our last number will be found an editorial summary of the actual results accomplished.—THE EDITORS.

THE great Peace Parliament has come and gone. No longer do the flags of many nations fly from the hotels at The Hague; no longer are the fishermen at Scheveningen eyed by curious diplomats. Mr. Stead has deserted his villa, *Pax Intrantibus*, and the Chinese Minister has withdrawn his twelve secretaries. The city lacks somewhat of the brightness and gayety which receptions and dinners imparted to the place and its old-world garment of quietude has once more descended upon it. Nothing seems to have changed: the Vyver, with its picturesque little island, still flashes and gleams in the sunlight. The Huisten Bosch still sleeps in its bower of huge beeches. Once more the Orange Hall has resumed its ancient appearance. The picture representing the triumph of Peace looks out upon deserted seats and empty benches. But all is not the same; we can never go back in history, and although neither the great mass of the people nor even the Delegates themselves realize the immense significance of the work accomplished, yet none the less for that the work has been crowned with success.

When the Delegates met at The Hague on May 8, few of them believed that it would be possible to do more than pass a few unimportant resolutions, but a change has come over the spirit of the scene. At an interview with Baron de Staal the day after the Congress opened he made this remark: "It is quite out of date to couple the word Utopia with this movement. Many people say that we shall have done much if we formulate theories and recommend schemes, but we have something much more definite to propose, and there is every prospect of our coming to some very practical conclusions." This saying was borne out by the proposition of Sir Julian Pauncefote on behalf of Great Britain. While accepting the Russian Arbitration Scheme, he proposed that it be supplemented by the constitution of a permanent International Tribunal. The close of his speech was the historic moment of the Conference. The members looked at one another for a moment in blank amazement, for few of them had been optimistic enough to believe that such a scheme would be seriously proposed at the outset; and yet here were three great Powers, Russia, England, and America, all vying with one another for the honor of putting forward a scheme which should command the approval of the whole Conference.

Out of the three schemes has resulted a permanent Tribunal which it is confidently hoped will settle most of the important differences between States and create at the same time traditions of peace for the future. The first step has been taken; disarmament is impossible; even the reduction of armies and navies is far away; the projects for humanizing war are of little or no importance, but the plan for a permanent International Court has laid the foundation stone of a building which for many years to come will stand as a monument of reason as opposed to force. This is no ephemeral triumph, but a permanent gain to the human race. The deputies of twenty-four independent States have practically acknowledged that most of the quarrels of the world may be settled by peaceful methods. Our Bœotian intellects have at last grasped the fact of the solidarity of mankind; internationalism is taking the place of that parochial view which regards all other peoples as natural enemies. It is now a factor in the history of the civilized world. No doubt there will be war in the future, as there has been war in the past, but gradually war will become unnatural. The application



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of force will seem a strange and uncouth way of settling differences.

The success of the Conference is in a large measure due, in the first place, to the way in which the English and American Delegates worked together, and, secondly, to the able and judicious leading of Baron de Staal and M. Beaufort. M. Beaufort struck the right keynote at the very outset. When referring to the painting upon the door which represents Paris and Hercules preparing an entrance for Peace, who is to shut the gates of the Temple of Janus, he said, "J'espère, Messieurs, que cette belle allègorie sera de bonne augure pour vos travaux, et qu' après les avoir terminés, vous pourrez dire que la Paix que l'Art a fait entrer dans cette salle en est sortie pour répandre ses bienfaites sur l'humanitę entière." [1]

Baron de Staal also in his opening speech tactfully referred to the great international jurist Grotius, on whose tomb Mr. A. D. White, the American Delegate, has laid a silver wreath, celebrating in this way the one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence.

The great Russian Diplomatist throughout the whole of the Conference has been somewhat indisposed, and a pathetic reference which he made to his old age, as "un triste privilege et un faible auxiliare," [2] was not without its effect upon the minds of the Delegates. Nevertheless, he has managed to guide and direct the Conference as a whole, and out of it has come, not exactly what the Czar planned or what the Kaiser wished, but an international Court of Arbitration, whose operations must grow more and more effective just in proportion as war becomes more horrible and expensive. The German Emperor, through his Delegates, was frankly opposed to this course, as involving a curtailment of his divine right of sovereignty; but, other nations failing to accept this position, the Teutonic Delegates gave way and contented themselves with an absolute refusal to consent to the obligatory clause which was provided in the case of disputes arising out of differences in interpreting international conventions. Germany's refusal has perhaps, on the whole, had a good result, for the tendency would otherwise have been to belittle the importance of the Court, to which only minor and trivial disputes would be referred. It is something to codify the laws of war and extend the rules of the Geneva Convention to naval warfare, but it is infinitely more, of course, to have established a system of universal arbitration that a short time ago would have been regarded as the idlest of dreams.

I was impressed at The Hague with the fact that a good many of the newspaper men were war correspondents; who, as soon as the Parliament of Peace had really opened, began to drop their pessimistic ideas and to take a hopeful view of the situation. Many of them for the first time in their lives are brought into contact with peace experts, such as M. Jean de Bloch, whom I encountered at the Central Hotel, where also Baroness Von Suttner and Felix Moscheles were staying. He is the author of an encyclopædic work entitled "The Future of War," in six volumes, and he expressed himself in a paradoxical way to the effect that "war has now become impossible." In this paradox M. de Bloch does not refer to the innumerable small punitive expeditions of England, operations against semi-barbarous people, nor does he refer to the wars between decadent states and great powers, like the Spanish-American; but his conviction is that, practically, war between the leading nations of the earth has become an impossibility, on military, economic, and political grounds. The very fact that the Emperor ordered an expert to report on this book, and that its main results have been accepted by military men, make it of some importance, and worth noticing as an element in the Conference. M. de Bloch contends that war between two great powers will now mean the entire dislocation of all industry and the cutting off of all the sources of supply which alone can enable the people to bear the burden imposed upon them by the overwhelming armaments of to-day. He contends that war in the future will not mean so much fighting, but famine; not the killing of men, but the spoiling of nations; not the ruin of an army, but the break-up of the whole social organization. The soldier has become too costly to man-

[1] "I hope, gentlemen, that this beautiful allegory will be of good omen for your labors, and that, after they are completed, the Peace which Art has brought into this hall will have gone forth to spread its benefits over all humanity."

[2] "A sad privilege and a feeble aid."

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kind and nations can no longer afford to pay for his maintenance. I lay stress upon this point, for undoubtedly it had something to do with the response which met the manifesto of the Czar.

The attitude taken by Professor Zorn with regard to the arbitration project was considered at the time equivalent to a rejection of permanent arbitration by Germany. The feeling grew gradually among the Delegates that the Kaiser Wilhelm must in this matter be controlled by the other powers. All the other powers agreed with Sir Julian Pauncefote's amended proposal, at any rate in principle: namely, that the ministers of the various powers accredited to Queen Wilhelmina should, under the presidency of the Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, act as a permanent bureau to summon a Conference of Arbitration upon any serious question arising between two or more powers. In this case it is obvious that the neutrality of Holland will have to be internationally guaranteed; and nothing could be more agreeable to the Dutch than such an arrangement. Without imputing motives, it is just possible that in the mind of the German Emperor there may be some feeling of annoyance that this would absolutely prevent the Netherlands from ever being annexed by Germany; but no doubt the real objection, if Professor Zorn, represents his king, is the desire to be uncontrolled for an aggressive as well as a defensive war. A well-known German soldier, General Häsler, in a conversation with M. de Bloch, pointed out that a European war would ruin victors and vanquished alike, and summed up the case by saying, "if the war lasted any length of time, there would not remain enough living to bury the dead; while what was left undone on the battle-field would be accomplished by subsequent bankruptcy and famine."

Notwithstanding the hopeful outlook at the present moment, it is impossible to be otherwise than distressed by the seeming insincerity of many ministers and politicians. If the primary object of the Czar's appeal is (to use his own words), "above all, the putting an end to the progressive development of the present armaments," there would certainly be some room for doubt. The Russian Executive, for example, has been pushing on schemes of artillery reorganization, at a computed cost of three millions. Germany is following in its footsteps, and had a plan also for the addition of forty thousand men to its army of strength. This automatic increase, as it was called, has, however, been considerably modified, thanks to vigorous opposition in the Reichstag. France has proposed even still greater increases to army and navy, which are hardly to be carried out in their entirety, while in England the cost of the Navy has gone by leaps and bounds, being nearly three millions over last year. The American proposal to obtain immunity for private property at sea, while discussed at the plenary Conference, did not meet with success. The Russian proposals for the limitation for naval and military armaments proved to be unacceptable, and the general feeling was that these proposals were put forward merely to save the *amour propre* of the Czar, to make, as the French would say, a "manifestation." The result is:

1. Rules for applying the Geneva Convention to Naval Warfare.

2. Code of Rules for a Land War, with certain humanizing amendments.

3. Permanent Court of Arbitration and Commission of Investigation.

In addition to this the throwing of explosives from balloons has been forbidden for five years, and the use of the Dum Dum bullets has been condemned, except by England and America. This is the only result of the Committee presided over by M. van Karnebeek. What is likely to be the effect of this European Aeropagus? Of course, cynics and skeptics will deny that there can be any real value in a Court of Arbitration recourse to which is purely optional. That all depends upon the growth of public opinion. It is extremely doubtful whether a compulsory cause would have had any real value without an army to back up a decision. But there is no doubt whatever about the fact that gradually the growth of public opinion among the working classes will compel the nations to arbitrate instead of to fight. It is the working people who suffer most by war. Whether their country wins or loses, they must suffer, and as the years go by it will become more difficult to arouse the war spirit in a nation persuaded that war is for generals and captains, and brings no kudos to the working man. All

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efforts to render war more humane and less deadly are a mistake; the two things are incompatible. War and arbitration are two different ways of settling a dispute, and when it comes to a question of killing an enemy, it seems to me not to be of very great consequence what is the degree of ferocity with which he is slain. The fact of the matter is that some other method had to be found of settling disputes. Human society has become immensely complex. We are dependent not merely on our fellow countrymen, but upon nations and peoples in all parts of the world for the necessities and luxuries of life. We are bound by finance to other States in almost adamantine bonds. We sink or swim together. So that at the present moment we may say that one of the great needs of modern States is a mode of settling disputes other than by war. Armies may continue to exist, and probably will exist for many hundreds of years to come, but they will certainly not be used for some needless act of aggression or for the crushing of some weak and inferior State.

# The Cuban Orphans

## A Talk With Clara Barton

THE rain was pattering against the window pane an accompaniment to the soft, gentle voice of one of the greatest women this country has produced, Clara Barton. With the modesty of greatness Miss Barton told of recent work undertaken by the Red Cross in Cuba. This is what she said:

At first our thought was for the sick. Knowing the deprivations of the people, their weakened condition because of the months of semi-starvation, we expected to find our resources taxed in hospital work. This was not so. The government rations issued to the Cubans had built up the strength of those who had recuperative powers left. Others had died. For them help had come too late.

Immediately we applied our principle of finding the emergency; something to be done that no one else would do; something that no one else had thought of doing. There were the orphan children; the reconcentrado orphans.

Now, you know, there are two classes of orphans. Here every orphan has a string to it—an aunt, a mother's cousin, a father's friend, somebody who knows who the child was when it was born. This is not true of the children of the reconcentrados. These people were well-to-do farmers, driven into the towns to prevent their raising crops, and to prevent their giving assistance of any kind to the insurgents. There was not an able-bodied man among them. The men had joined the army, or had escaped to the woods from the towns, and walked until they found the army. The reconcentrados were women and children and feeble men. These latter died. Mother love kept the women alive.

Picture it! A town of 10,000 people, with barely enough food for themselves! Into this town are driven 10,000 to 12,000 reconcentrados—no roof to cover them, no food to sustain them, and only the clothing they had on to cover them. What is done? On the outskirts of the town are trees and palms. From these the bark is stripped, the palm leaves are gathered. All over the town, wherever it is permitted, shelters are made. The bark forms the three sides, the palm leaves the roof. There are no windows for light, no doors for privacy. Into these huts women tenderly nurtured, women of good families, crawl with their children; this shelter their only home. The floors are earth; there is not a utensil of any kind, nor any conveniences. Cuban women are very tender, very motherly; all have large families; ten or twelve children are quite common. The story will never be told of what these Cuban women did for each other, for the children. Food grew less and less. The children learned to go through the streets and eat whatever they could get. The mothers went without, that the children might have. The end came; the mothers and babies died; the other children were left like herds of dogs on the street, running wild. They stood in the filthy shelter and watched a mother die, some of them too young to know

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what it meant. They knew only that the mother did not speak when they called, nor wipe their tears. Hunger drives them out, and when they return the mother is not there. She never comes back. That is all they know. Is she buried? God knows.

Now, these are God's children, and he seems to have forgotten them. There are sixty, seventy, a hundred in a town where all the people are poverty stricken and helpless. No Cuban woman will see a child go hungry if she can help it. They divide food until there is no more to divide. They divide the clothing with the children too old to go naked, and divide the division. How sharp these little ones grow! They learn. They hear the whistle of a train. Away they go to the station. When the traveler alights, he finds timidly waiting, with outstretched hands, these children. But they are timid only for a little while. Soon the passengers are afraid to step down lest they throw one of these little ones under the wheels. The sight is terrible. Matters grow worse; the people are aroused. "These are our children; they belong to us. What can we do? We have no money, no power. We do not know how to meet this terrible problem." This is the thought of all the people. The children have become a menace to the health of the town. What is to be done?

This is what the Red Cross finds. We visit the mayor of a town. We find him a man of heart and head weighed down with burdens. He often sees what is needed to reduce the misery of the people, but he has no resources. "Have you an empty building on the outskirts of the town?"

"Yes; many. Nothing can be done with them; they are just as the troops left them."

"Are you willing to give it to us for these children?"

"Oh! yes, yes; anything that will help them, that will give them care."

"Will you go with me to see these buildings?"

"Yes."

A building which is large and well located is found in the outskirts in a shocking condition. The Red Cross wastes no time over the present. It sees the future. In two houses men and women are at work. Lime, soap, water, lumber, disinfectant, are there. Another battle is begun for another victory. How sharp the little things are! They suspect something, and a little group is outside waiting.

We telegraph to Havana, "Send sixty cots, blankets, sheets, pillows, pillow cases for them. Milk, meat, codfish, meal, crackers, flour, cotton-prints, denim for clothing for sixty children."

The work of cleaning goes on. The lumber is made into tables and benches. Boxes, barrels, everything that will make a chair of any size, is utilized. The next morning the train brings the goods from Havana—none too soon. The mayor has been busy telling the news and the children are waiting—a sight to wring men's hearts—feet swollen until they have split on the top, running sores, dirt until the skin cannot be seen, hair matted until its diseased condition is sickeningly apparent. They are clad in repulsive rags. Here are sixty children who belong to nobody but God.

Up the street comes a group of Cuban women and girls. "We have come to help. These are our children. We could not shelter them. We have come to help now that there is hope for them."

The rags are burned, the hair cut close to the head, except with the little girls; for them a top-knot is left. In the boxes sent from Havana is clothing ready to put on. It is fitted to the fortunate few. The others are put to bed between the clean sheets.

It brought tears to one's eyes to see the wonder in these little faces as they stretched their sick, weakened bodies out on the first bed they had ever known. Like babies they gazed at the strange scene of which they were a part; at the clean, white walls, the rows of beds in spotless covers. The fortunate ones sat down to the first meal they had ever known. Dishes, knives, forks, spoons—were such curiosities as to keep them absolutely quiet. Then came the learning how to use them. It was both funny and sad.

The naked children in the cots must be clothed. The next morning a dozen Cuban women came early, each with a hand sewing machine, as we would carry a work-box. Such dexterity I never saw.

A piece of denim laid before one woman.

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She was going to make a pair of trousers and a jacket for a little boy.

"You will want a pattern?"

She laughed, ran her scissors over the cloth, thus making a mark, and began cutting. The trousers fitted. Cuban women are very clever with their hands. Every morning until there were clothing, sheets, and towels enough for the house those women came, bringing their machines. Young girls formed clubs, and these came in turns, two at a time, to amuse the little ones, and teach the older ones. "These must be people of our town! We were twelve thousand, we are five. These must be our own people!" is the cry of the Cuban women. Each child is given a garden. To-day they are supplying one-third of the vegetables used in each house. Cuban widows are taken in with their families to do the work. Boys and girls are taught to do the work of the house under their direction, as they are taught gardening under a skilled gardener. The women of the town teach the girls to sew, to cut, to plan for themselves and the little ones. The young girls teach them to play. Ah! Life has been too serious for these little ones for them to know how to play. They were born in sorrow, raised in affliction.

Where there are town schools the children are sent from the asylums. They must live with the people, think with the people. They are of the people. Where there are no town schools, the nurses, with the assistance of the women and girls of the town, teach them, the rough pine tables doing duty as desks. These children learn readily, and repay a hundredfold what is done for them.

This is the story of one asylum, the story of the twelve asylums I left in Cuba. The Red Cross people there are doing that work to-day. Pushing on from town to town. "Come to us!" is the trumpet call from a town five, ten miles away, before we have the last one given us cleared."

The voice stopped. Miss Barton leaned back in her chair, silent, absorbed in a vision of the future.

# Under the Greenwood Tree

By Mary Clarke Huntington

"I SH'LL carry watermelon. We've got reel nice ones this year," said Mrs. Pendleton.

She was a large woman with a piping voice and a double chin that shut aggressive importance into its folds. Mrs. Bond, a serious-faced little figure in a yellow and black calico, which gave her the appearance of a mottled canary, looked through the window at the watermelon-patch in the field beyond and back again to the double chin.

"I s'pose you'll carry something besides watermelon."

Mrs. Pendleton felt that the canary was raising its crest. She inclined her neck—meeting sarcasm with a chin more double than before.

"I don't know as I shall," she replied. The rocker in which she sat creaked monotonous time to her slow swaying. "I don't know why I sh'd carry anything else. We've never had many melons fetched to our picnics."

A man's steps sounded along the walk to the back door. Mrs. Bond reached for the sunbonnet on the table at her side.

"I guess your husband's come. So it's chore time, an' I must be goin'."

"You'd better stay to tea now you're here," urged Mrs. Pendleton. "You ain't eat with us sence—I don't know when."

But the other was not to be enticed.

"Oh, I jest run in. I didn't expect to stay. Too, I have to bake muffins for supper. Lyle an' his father set a store by hot muffins."

A more aggressive importance shut itself into the folds of the double chin.

"Well, I don't bake muffins for my folks on a washin' day. I mean to clean up, an' that's enough." She glanced complacently about the immaculate kitchen, whose sunshine-tinted walls and well-scoured floor were reflected in the polished stove. "I think it's healthier to be clean than 'tis to be always eatin'.

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You'd better save your cookin' for th' picnic, Lucy."

Mrs. Pendleton was known for a kind of officious bluntness. People called it "her way," and let it pass. But Mrs. Bond, tired from her Monday's work, was rasped by it, although she had been acquainted with Maria Pendleton since she could remember. She smiled sourly from her angled sunbonnet as she went out.

"Well, I s'pose I sh'll have to cook some for th' picnic, as I haven't any watermelons. I hope you'll carry enough of 'em, as they're so coolin'. Good-by. Oh, yes, I sh'll be down again. Good-by."

Turning the corner of the house, she met Mercy Pendleton. Mercy was a slip of a girl, rather below medium height, and with no other claim to beauty than large and expressive gray eyes—the dancing light of which just now enlivened her pale oval face.

"Have you been visiting mother? An' you're going as I'm coming. I rode back from th' post-office with Lyle. He's only up ahead a bit. Sha'n't I call him?"

Without waiting for assent, she threw her mellow treble into a trilling "Whoo-e-e!" The team, slowly climbing the hill a little beyond the Pendleton house, stopped as the driver turned to see what was wanted. Mercy watched until Mrs. Bond had been helped to the sulky seat, then her springing step went on into the kitchen, where her mother was setting the table.

"Who was you callin', Mercy?"

Mercy stared innocently.

"Why—Lyle, of course. His mother wanted to go up home with him."

"Then she'd better done th' callin'," Mrs. Pendleton said, severely. "I ain't goin' to have my daughter screamin' after nobody. An' how do you think it looks for you to be ridin' in a sulky with Lyle Bond?"

"It looks as if he was coming my way an' asked me to ride," Mercy answered, indignantly.

"Mercy!" There was a pause of reproof and warning. "You may fetch that custard pie an' th' gingerbread, an' then go down sullar after th' butter."

Mercy whisked away with a feeling of injustice which rankled in her mind during supper. The twins, Willy and Ned, sturdy, freckled-faced boys of twelve, kept up such an exchange of talk that her silence was unnoticed. When she had washed the dishes, she went to her room, and there her mother found her sitting by the open window, with head bent over some blue ribbon.

"Whatever are you strainin' your eyes in this light for, Mercy?"

"I want my sash bow fixed different for to-morrow."

Mrs. Pendleton's acute mind leapt back to her own girlhood.

"Has Lyle Bond asked you to go to th' picnic with him?"

"Yes'm." The half-frightened defiance in Mercy's voice quivered to pleading. "Can't I go, mother? I've never been anywhere with anybody; an' Lyle has his buggy washed, an'"—she paused, swallowing a sob over the refusal which she knew was coming.

"You c'n wear your blue muslin if you want to, but you'll go with your own folks. The milk's fetched in." As Mercy flung out of the room, she added: "I've had enough of Lyle Bond hangin' around here. He'd better go where he is wanted—if there is any such place. You ain't a little girl now."

Mercy faced about in the doorway.

"I sh'd think I was, by th' way you act. An' I don't see what you've got against Lyle all of a sudden. He's always been here since we used to make mud pies together. I don't know why he isn't just as good as he ever was."

The championship in the stirred young voice even more than in the impetuous speech whetted Mrs. Pendleton to resentment—bringing as it did vivid remembrance of a thin, sarcastic face smiling from an angled sunbonnet.

"Well, I ain't goin' to have my girl bakin' muffins for a Bond all her life. If you can't do better'n that, you'll live an old maid."

"Lyle hasn't thought of marrying me," flashed Mercy. "He hasn't! he hasn't! he *hasn't!*" She felt a sudden burning shame, as if Lyle himself was overhearing, and would laugh to scorn a girl who could be refused in marriage to a man who had not asked. "If Lyle knew that you talked—so—he never would come here again, *never!*"

Mrs. Pendleton listened disturbedly to the brisk rattle of milk-pails at the sink under angry, hurrying fingers.

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"I guess I ain't put my foot down any too soon," she muttered.

After she had set the pails to dry on the bench outside the kitchen door, Mercy slipped around to the front porch, where dusk moths already hovered about perfume-spilling honeysuckle-blossoms. High over head a night-hawk swooped, with a sharp lingering cry of "Spe-ir! spe-ir!" and lower circled the chimney-swallows, their flight attended by brief musical notes. Occasional sounds of cattle came from the barnyard, and at her feet crickets called love to grass-hidden mates until the soft August twilight seemed thridded with vibrant insect voicings. The sense of being away from human contact soothed Mercy somewhat, but her eyes were still wide and her cheeks burning when she became aware of approach behind her across the soft sward.

"I've tied a red bow on my whip."

The slender and still boyish figure seated itself with the confidence of long acquaintance. But she pushed away—every nerve in her body tingling.

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry I've put a bow on my whip?" Lyle bent to see her face in the gathering dusk.

"Yes—because I can't go with you."

The leaning wonder of Lyle's shoulders straightened to slow credulity—and then stiffened to resentment.

"You promised."

Mercy forced back the lump in her throat, but said nothing.

"An' you're the first girl I ever asked to go any place," reproached Lyle. "So your mind's made up?"

Mercy nodded miserably. Lyle stood tall and mortified before her.

"Very well, Miss Pendleton." Almost crying as she was, Mercy would have laughed at this formality from one who habitually addressed her by her familiar home name, except that she knew Lyle was angry with her for the first time. "You might tell me the reason you're not going." The offense in his tone softened to persuasion. "Why can't you go, Mercy?" But Mercy only broke another spray from the honeysuckle vine, and pulled the sweet blooms to their death with nervous fingers. "Well—I guess I c'n pick up a load if you won't go," Lyle added, haughtily.

"Mer-r-c-y-y!"

Mercy sprang up so suddenly that she stepped upon her skirt and tripped herself. Lyle involuntarily threw out his arm to catch her—and their faces were closer together than since as little boy and girl the two were used to part with good-by kisses.

"Mer-r-c-y-y!"

"Let me go." She was quivering with apprehension that an instant's delay might give Lyle the explanation which he had asked of her—and well she knew how maternal bluntness would deliver such explanation should the front door open upon them. She pulled herself from the steadying arm with what might have been passionate rudeness, and the torn honeysuckle petals showered from her hand over Lyle's face. "Let me go."

Mrs. Pendleton opened the front door upon blank, dusky space—and closed it again without noticing the tall figure swinging away up the road to the Bond house. When she returned to the kitchen, Mercy was just entering hurriedly, panting as from running.

"I called twice. Why didn't you answer?"

"I've been shutting in th' chickens. Th' boys forgot to close th' coop door."

Mercy had indeed run from the honeysuckled porch to the hen-yard—knowing how careless were her twin brothers, and that excuse for those two callings of her name would be required. But her long lashes drooped over strangely lustrous eyes as her mother looked steadily at her.

"Hasn't Lyle Bond been here?"

Mercy lifted her head with a new dignity.

"Yes'm. I told him I couldn't go to th' picnic with him."

"I'm glad you didn't leave me to tell him," Mrs. Pendleton said, shortly. She felt the indefinable change in daughterly bearing, and was irritated by it, although no memory of her own girlhood now came to suggest other reason than Mercy's having been crossed in plans. "I called you because it's time you was abed. We'll have to be stirrin' early to-morrow to get th' churnin' out of th' way before picnic time."

"Yes'm," said Mercy, obediently.

Her mother looked suspiciously at the retreating back as the slim little figure

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moved away, with the candle-light making a nimbus about the fair head. This contented obedience puzzled her.

"It's a dretful risk bringin' up a girl," she sighed—forgetting that her mother had borne like responsibility. Then her mind reverted to a more vexing question. "I hope you put them melons in th' sullar to cool, Phineas."

Mr. Pendleton nodded drowsily over his paper.

"Yes; a hull dozen of 'em."

His wife's face settled into satisfied creases. She guessed Lucy Bond would see nobody was goin' to be stingy about melons—and she sank to sweet dreams of melon-fields and melon feasts where Mrs. Bond sat apart like a sunbonneted Peri outside the gates of a melon paradise.

Whether Mercy's dreams were of watermelons or no, she waked with face as bright as the day itself. The horoscope of youth showed rosy colors even if she could not ride to the picnic in Lyle Bond's newly washed buggy. But when, clad in forget-me-not blue muslin, she ran out with the linen dusters to the high market-wagon into which her mother was laboriously climbing, the brightness fell from her face as if she had been struck. The rattle of a team down the dusty hill by the house had drawn all eyes.

"Cracky!" said Ned, staring. "Lyle's got th' colt."

"An' Lois Westcott!" said Willy, also staring.

Mercy did not stare. One glance had shown her the prancing colt, the shining buggy, the red bow on the whip, and Lyle leaning toward Lois Westcott's fluttering pink shoulder-knots with never so much as a glance in her own direction. The shock of surprise brought a blur of tears that pride alone kept from falling. "He kissed me—he kissed me—an' now he's taking Lois!" she said over and over to herself, the while she answered with apparent interest the laughter-broken talk of the twins and her mother's trickle of words. Mr. Pendleton, who was always a silent man, punctuated the conversation by an occasional "Whoa!" and "Steady there, Lady, steady!" as the heavy young farm horses fretted to keep pace with Lyle's fleet colt, which carried the flaunting red bow further and further ahead. "He might have taken off the bow," thought Mercy—the poise of unstirred girlhood that last night had thrilled to womanhood beneath the impulsive touch of Lyle's lips now beating wounded feeling and faith betrayed at every pulse. By the time the bow had disappeared like a red will-o'-the-wisp around the turn of the road, and the farm horses had slackened to an easier pace, the resolute line of Mercy's mouth showed that all the spirit within her was rising to meet this first lesson in the perfidy of man. Lyle should never know that she minded his taking Lois—never!

When the Pendleton team drove on to the picnic grounds, which were near the church and horse-sheds, the place was already astir with life. About the long table women and girls hovered with careful placings of food and flowers, their dresses lending a butterfly brightness to sun-dappled shade; elderly dames and small children sat on rough wooden benches close by, watching the table committee; further off men talked together in groups near trees where some of them had tied their horses; and under a great chestnut, that flung shadow coolness like a wide embrace, a merry, youthful crowd of both sexes had gathered. Mercy's quick eyes caught the flutter of Lois Westcott's pink ribbons as the swing carried her back and forth—her neatly shod little feet primly crossed beneath ruffled muslin, which blew away from them with every dip of motion like the curved petals of a flower. Lois, with her bright black eyes and vivid cheeks and lips, looked like a flower herself as she flung smile or word to Lyle, who stood behind, pushing the swing. Mercy realized that Lois made a far prettier picture than the one which an hour before had gazed from her own little looking-glass as she studied the effect of her altered sash-bow, and she told herself that Lois Westcott wasn't very ladylike to be swinging that way. *She* shouldn't want to do it. With proudly set head she followed her mother toward the tables, apparently unhearing Lois's laughing and innocent call: "Mercy—Mercy Pendleton! come an' swing. We're all taking turns!"

Mrs. Pendleton, with chin well doubled, advanced majestically upon the table committee. Consciousness of a made-over, changeable green silk skirt and a

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new white muslin waist gave her an agreeable feeling of being as well dressed as anybody, and rapidly traveling inspection had already told her that she need not share the honor of contributing melons. The white-draped tables, with festoonings of vines and flowers, showed nothing in the shape of fruit. She beamed affably around at the attending women.

"How d'ye do, Mis' Jenkins? How d'ye do, Mis' Smith? Is th' baby through teethin'? Why—Mis' Sullard! I *am* overcome to see *you* here. How are you now? Still enjoyin' mis'able health? Well, I'm reel sorry. How d'ye do, Mis' Breed?" She leaned to extend one fat hand in its black silk mitt across the narrow table—for Mrs. Breed was the minister's wife. "How d'ye do, Lucy?" This last to Mrs. Bond, who, in purple gingham and gayly flowered chip bonnet, was taking a loaf of angel cake from her basket. Mrs. Bond nodded with an inarticulate mumble. Neither woman would have been willing to admit unpleasantness of mind toward the other, yet each was keenly conscious of strained friendliness over something which she could not define. Mrs. Pendleton raised her voice a notch higher. "No; I didn't fetch a mite of cake or biscuit or any victuals, Mis' Breed; so you needn't make room for more on my account." The women looked at her inquiringly. She was famed for generous giving of excellent cookery. Only Mrs. Bond seemed not to hear. "I fetched," Mrs. Pendleton said impressively, "I fetched—just watermelons."

The minister's wife nodded pleased appreciation.

"I was wishing we had some melons. They dress a table so well, and everybody likes them."

Mrs. Pendleton glowed with satisfaction; her chin doubled to excess. She smiled at her husband, who was approaching bent, Atlas-like, under a large and well-filled sack, while behind him toiled the twins—each bearing an immense melon.

"It's nice to have plenty," said the minister's wife, too well bred to betray surprise as the dozen great striped green oblongs were piled at her feet. "If you'll just lift a couple on to the table, Mr. Pendleton, we'll cut them."

Some of the women glanced from the pile of melons to encountering eyes. Mrs. Bond offered to help slice, adding that the multitude need not be fed to-day on seven loaves and a few small fishes. Mrs. Sullard choked a laugh into a cough, and explained that she'd been troubled by this hateful little hack ever since she had th' grippe, an' she s'posed she'd keep a-hackin' so long's she enjoyed mis'able health. Mrs. Pendleton, glowing now with something warmer than satisfaction, removed her mitts, and helped slice melon as if the ripple of amusement was not making her donation its pivot. She'd even up with Lucy Bond yet! When a green-rinded, red-hearted pyramid rose at each end of the table and a like pyramid graced the center, the effect was deliciously satisfactory, and the minister's wife said as much—pouring oil upon troubled waters by this graceful speech, which jerked itself to conclusion as she stepped backward against one of the uncut melons.

"Perhaps these might as well be put under the table until they are needed," she suggested.

The twins fell upon the oblongs with spasmodic giggles—pushing and rolling like ants carrying a treasure to storehouse.

Mrs. Pendleton, facing to superintend the operation, bumped against some one, and turned, knife in hand, with profuse apologies, to find Mrs. Bond also turning, knife in hand, with profuse apologies. The two looked at each other, and carefully placed the knives on the table. Civilized women can measure antagonism in words. Mrs. Pendleton spoke first.

"I thought Mercy too young to be goin' about with somebody she couldn't marry," she smiled.

"She is pretty young—not much older'n you was when you married. But she's differently situated," smiled Mrs. Bond.

Mrs. Pendleton was very intent upon getting her hands into her mitts. She had been a poor girl who "lived out;" and people said she caught the best match in town when she became Mrs. Phineas Pendleton.

"Mercy's slender, an' has got to marry means," she said, adding, as she moved away, "I spent th' afternoon with Judge Babcock's wife last week."

Judge Babcock held a mortgage on the Bond place. Mrs. Bond looked after the stout retiring figure, with a flush on her

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sallow cheeks—this last thrust leaving her speechless. Mrs. Sullard, passing, paused.

"That's a dretful pritty skirt Mis' Pendleton's got on, ain't it?"

Mrs. Bond bent to place in her basket the napkin which had been wrapped about the loaf of angel cake.

"It's made over," she said, shortly. "It belonged to her husband's aunt who died."

"I want to know," commented the other. "Don't you think it looks a mite showery?"

When the tables had been given finishing touches, old and young thronged together on and about the wooden benches. Lyle Bond and Lois Westcott sat apart on a flat rock under a near oak-tree. Observant glances turned often in their direction, noting how Lyle's dark head bent toward Lois's pink-ribbon shoulder-knots, which now and again blew against his cheek like a caress. Lois's pretty, flattered face sparkled with enjoyment. She did not see that he always held Mercy Pendleton within his range of vision. Sometimes a fellow can watch two girls in the same lash-lift—the girl he is with and the girl he would like to be with. Neither did Mercy see his watchings, for she kept her back in his direction, with a carelessness which might have deceived one older and more experienced than he.

"I wonder if that won't be a match," one woman whispered to another.

Mercy strained her ears for the answer, which deepened the unhappy color on her cheeks.

"I shouldn't be surprised. He seems struck enough. Hush! Th' minister's begun speakin'."

Mr. Breed, a small, thin man, with a weazened face and an air of apologizing for his existence, droned on with spasmodic hints of humor, which brought laugh and hand-clap from the men; the women listened with half an ear, noting their neighbors' wearing apparel, contrasting babies, and wondering why picnic speeches were not made after the feast, so that the eatables should not dry; the children nearest the table counted the kinds of cake, and speculated as to how many pieces of candy they would be given. Suddenly the blue sky clouded; the sultry air cooled; away toward the darkening south a fiery streak zigzagged; a rain-drop upon the nose of Mr. Breed called his attention from the state of the heathen to the state of the weather; and his hurried concluding reference to the blessed privilege of attending Sunday-school picnics was lost in a thunder-clap which seemed to be shivering the leaf-frescoed spaces overhead, and brought all the sitting folk to their feet with the same thought—shelter for themselves and their teams.

There was a Tantalus huddle about tempting tables, a reaching for this, that, and the other; Mrs. Pendleton pounced upon a pyramid of watermelon, Mrs. Bond seized her loaf of angel cake; then the wind-lashed road was filled with a hurrying procession of women and children, many carrying such eatables as they could, and all tending toward some pines a few rods distant, where a white belfry promised the haven of the church sheds, to which men were leading or driving horses. Lyle Bond had turned from Lois Westcott's pink shoulder-knots at the first thunder-roll, and gone to quiet his plunging colt.

"I'll be back with th' buggy-boot to wrap you in," he called.

But the black colt would not quiet here among tossing branches, and must be driven at once to the church sheds. Lois, childishly aggrieved at being left, and an arrant coward in a thunder-storm, picked up her ruffled skirts, and, with faint shrieks over every lightning dart, scurried after the other feminines. She and Mercy Pendleton ran under the shed where the Pendleton team was standing, just as Mrs. Bond reached cover with her loaf of angel cake—followed by Mrs. Pendleton, who, flushed, puffing, carefully bore in both hands a plate from which the melon pyramid had slid off, piece by piece, and been left along the road like footprints on the sands of time. Perceiving the emptiness of her plate, she turned to Mercy—glad of any pretext to clothe the situation with dignity.

"I didn't have time to ketch only this, an' now I remember I left my bran'-new white crocheted shawl on one of them seats by th' first table. You'll have to go fetch it, Mercy. That muslin won't hurt from being sprinkled as my skirt will. Silk shows everything so. 'Tain't like cotton goods." She felt that this com-

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parison almost compensated for the intactness of the angel cake which Mrs. Bond, standing beside her in purple gingham, held with conscious satisfaction. "Hurry, child!"

"Why, it's going to rain awfully," cried Lois Westcott, looking at the threatening blackness of the southern sky. But Mercy was already speeding down the road, a slim blue-and-white figure in a swirl of dust, and Lois caught at Mrs. Bond's arm, whimpering, as a thunder-clap shook the shed. "How can Mercy dare? Oh, Mrs. Bond! Isn't it dreadful!"

Mrs. Bond made much of soothing her.

"We're jest as safe here as to home, dearie. Have a piece of cake—now do. I wonder where Lyle is?"

Lois bridled prettily.

"His colt acted so that he drove it up to one of th' further sheds. He was going to come back after me with th' buggy-boot—but I ran away," she confessed.

"Then he'll think you're there an' go to fetch you. We'll watch out an' call him. Won't you have a piece of cake, too, Maria?"

Mrs. Pendleton shook her head in haughty negative.

"Sweet stuff is bad for th' stomach in hot weather."

Mrs. Bond's black eyes sparkled; the corners of her mouth pulled to a smile.

"I s'pose cake ain't so coolin' as melon."

Mrs. Pendleton let the remark pass. She placed the empty plate upon the back seat of the wagon, drew off her mitts, and prepared to climb into the vehicle. Lois, with lips parted, watched each laborious attempt—forgetting to eat. She leaned toward Mrs. Bond.

"She can't never get in alone. She's so awful fat!"

The whisper, with its accompanying giggle, went further than was intended, and nerved Mrs. Pendleton to an elephantine lurch, which landed her in the wagon. She sat down with all the triumphant stateliness of her avoirdupois—only to rise immediately at the sound of crashing china. Lois giggled again, and Mrs. Pendleton wished that she had let Mercy come with Lyle Bond—perhaps then this silly little piece wouldn't have been quite so upstarty.

"You ain't hurt, be you, Maria?" Mrs. Bond inquired, with conspicuous solicitude.

"I don't know as I be," Mrs. Pendleton replied, frigidly.

She gathered up the pieces of the plate and dropped them over the wagon side—turning a chill backward glance at Lois, who, nibbling with mouse-like daintiness at her slice of angel cake, was still giggling. Mrs. Pendleton told herself that she really did pity Lucy if she'd got to have that girl for a daughter-in-law.

Lyle Bond, unconscious of the comedy which was making him an item in its *finale*, had hurried unseen past the shed which sheltered the comedians. He was thinking of Mercy, and where she might have found place. Could it have been in the shed next to where he fastened his colt? He had caught a glimpse of a blue-and-white muslin there. But even as he speculated with pained, boyish discontent, the skies opened to spill a blinding deluge of rain; he flung the buggy-boot over his head like a mantle, ran for the picnic grove and the rock under the oak-tree, where he had left Lois Westcott, and, plunging beneath heavy, drooping boughs, stood breathless, laughing, by—Mercy Pendleton, who, with her mother's bran'-new white crocheted shawl in her hand, was forlornly waiting for the downpour to let up! Before he could manifest surprise, the startled wonder of her face changed to such recognition as melted his angry pride to answering happiness.

"Did you come for me?"

"Yes." And the god of love copied this reply from the day-book of life to the ledger of eternity as an unchanging truth. For can one meet the object of one's love without feeling that she of all others he has come to meet? "Here—you are to have this around you." He drew the buggy-boot about her tenderly.

"But you will get wet," Mercy said, distressfully.

He laughed.

"It is wide enough for two."

Was ever thunder so welcome as this, which brought her involuntarily nearer to him with each separate crash? Was ever shower so brief as this, which let drops through the oak-leaf canopy upon two heads under the buggy-boot? The blackness of the southern sky broke asunder to show dazzling blue; the sun flashed suddenly

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over a rain-bejeweled world with rain still falling, but falling gently like a benediction; and then all the cool, sweet wetness of woodland solitude throbbed with the marvelous melody of a vireo—shyest of birds, which, hidden in leafy arcades high aloft, sang, as unconscious of human proximity:

Sweet—sweet—Oh, yes—Oh yes—
'Tis she! 'Tis she!
Wonderful!—She! she! she!
Treasure—treasure her—
Sweet!

Country born and bred though they were, they had the too common ignorance of country values, and, hearing now for the first time that matchless music for which many a bird student, with infinite patience, has spent days and weeks and months of watching and waiting before being rewarded, Seventeen and Twenty looked wordless rapture into each other's eyes—this magic voice seeming to them the apotheosized echo of their heartbeats.

"You'll wait for me, Mercy? You won't have anybody else?" pleaded Twenty.

"Never," promised Seventeen.

Wonderful—wonderful—wonderful—
Sweet!

repeated the vireo, and flew away, carrying the song with it, an aureole of rare sound. Love, which had grown as did Jonah's gourd in a single night, leapt to boldness as Lyle looked into Mercy's eyes.

"You only let *me* kiss *you* last night."

"I didn't *let* you kiss me," faltered Mercy, without turning away her lips.

The shower stopped entirely, and all the world was a sunflooded wetness, spanned by a vivid rainbow.

"You needn't have thrown those honeysuckle blossoms in my face last night if you couldn't come with me to-day," complained Lyle, as they walked back to the sheds.

Mercy looked surprised.

"I didn't throw them." She considered an instant, and added: "Mother didn't want me going with anybody, an' I was frightened when I thought she'd open th' door."

"I thought you threw them. That's why I took Lois."

Mercy laughed happily.

"I was real mad because you took her."

Mrs. Pendleton, turning from her coign of vantage on the wagon-seat to look out at the weather, saw Lois Westcott, also looking, flush to her hair and bite her lip. Then she darted from the shed, calling shrilly:

"Tell Lyle I'm going home with the folks, Mrs. Bond. I'm afraid of his colt."

Her defection explained itself to the two women when Lyle and Mercy appeared. For who could help reading such conscious, radiant faces? Mrs. Pendleton, still smarting under Lois's giggles, beamed benignly upon the two.

"I don't know but I will have some of that cake, Lucy. Your girl has cut an' left you for her pa, Lyle."

"Has she?" Lyle looked as blissful as a fellow can look who thinks of only one girl out of them all.

"An' if you don't mind, you c'n take Mercy home. I sort o' promised Miss Ann Champney we'd pick her up an' leave her to her brother's. You know she's got the rheumatism reel bad, Lucy, an' it troubles her to walk."

"So it does," agreed Mrs. Bond. "Do take another piece, Maria."

Mrs. Pendleton yielded gracefully to the urgings of truce and appetite.

"Nobody makes angel cake like yours. Do they, Mercy?"

"No, 'm," said Mercy—much too happy for speculation upon her mother's mood.

Of all who turned homeward, to north or south, to east or west, two were quite content. They, driving toward the fading rainbow, with the black colt tossing its mane and the red ribbon fluttering from the whip, heard over and over the last lingering echo of a marvelous melody, which thrilled faintly back to them from the deserted picnic grove like heaven-blest augury of the years to come:

Wonderful—wonderful—wonderful—
Sweet!

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# Whom God Elects[1]

By Lyman Abbott

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.—Romans, x. 12.

WE are all more or less conscious that both within and without the church we are passing through a great transition of belief. It is not merely a change in the phrasing of creeds; there is a radical change in the substantial point of view. I wish this morning to show that this change in point of view does not involve any overthrow of Christian faith; that, rightly understood, it involves a widening, and should involve a deepening, of religious faith.

We can judge of public opinion in a community by the addresses which are made to it by its great teachers; partly because they reflect the public opinion; partly because they set themselves to correct that public opinion and neutralize the errors which they find in it. Thus, if we turn to the Bible to read the addresses made by the prophets, we find them inveighing against certain sins and attacking certain errors; and the very fact that they do inveigh against these sins and attack these errors shows them to have been common. If we read the Old Testament through even casually, we find one of the commonest of these errors to be one in the popular opinion about God—and we can easily trace in the history a gradual change in that opinion.

We find, at first, that the people held that Jehovah was exclusively their own God; he was the God of Palestine, the God of the Israelites; other nations had their gods, but Jehovah was a God above the other gods, superior to them; "God of gods," he was called. "Who is a god like unto thee?" the question was asked. At times in the Jewish history the very Temple itself became a pantheon in which Jehovah and Baal and Astarte were worshiped, side by side; the people arguing, not perhaps altogether unreasonably, since there are at least three gods, we shall do better to get the favor of the three and offer our worship to the three. In the exile the Jewish people learned a different lesson: they learned that there was but one God. But though they became thoroughly monotheistic, still they believed that this one God—God of all the earth—was their peculiar God. He was the God of Israel, and he did not care for the rest of the world. To use the language of a later theology, he elected Israel, and he chose to pass by the rest of the world. The doctrine of election in this form was very firmly fixed in the old Jewish conception.

When Paul started out on his missionary tour to preach the gospel to the Pagans, he was bitterly resisted by the Jews, and seriously resisted even by the Jewish element in the Christian Church. It was said that Christianity is for the Jews; and if a Pagan wishes to get the benefit of Christianity, he must himself become a Jew; he must be circumcised; much as to-day we would say, If a foreigner wishes to get the benefit of being an American, he must be naturalized; he must forswear allegiance to his old country and acknowledge allegiance to his new country. So these Jewish Christians said, If a man wishes to get the benefit of Christianity, he must forswear allegiance to his old gods, and must take on allegiance to his new God. Paul said: "No; there is no difference. God is God of the Gentiles as much as he is the God of the Jews." That was very unpopular doctrine with the Jewish Christians, but popular with the Gentile Christians. Hence as Gentiles came more and more into the Christian church, and it became less a Jewish church and more and more a Gentile church in its membership, this notion that God was God of the Jews only, and passed by the Gentiles, died out. The Gentiles would not believe that God did not care for them. Thus, presently a new doctrine of election took the place of the old one. In the Roman Catholic Church the doctrine was that God cares for the baptized, but passes by the unbaptized. If the babe is baptized, whether Jew or

[1] Sermon preached in the Presbyterian Church, at Cornwall, N. Y., on Sunday morning, July 16, 1899.



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Gentile, he is a child of God and entitled to the covenant mercies of God; but if he is not baptized, he is handed over to the uncovenanted mercies of God and there is not much hope for him. So Roman Catholic missionaries went about baptizing multitudes of people, sometimes sprinkling them in the mass, sometimes baptizing infant children without the knowledge of their parents, because, they said, if a man is baptized, God cares for him, but if he is not baptized, God does not care for him. Simply a new doctrine of election.

When Protestantism arose, Protestantism set aside these ecclesiastical ceremonials—the mass, the magical efficacy of the priesthood, and the magical efficacy of baptism. John Calvin promulgated a new doctrine of election. "It is true," he said, "that there are some people God cares for and some people he does not care for; but it is a mistake to say that he cares for the Jews and does not care for the Gentiles; and it is a mistake to say that he cares for the baptized and does not care for the unbaptized; he cares for those whom he does care for and he does not care for those whom he does not care for; those whom he chooses to like he likes and those whom he does not choose to like he does not like." John Calvin's doctrine of election was a broader and better doctrine of election than any ever held before. It was a great deal better to say, God can find men whom he will approve in any nation than to say he can only find them in the Jewish nation; better to say that God can find men whom he will approve anywhere than to say he can only approve them when they have been sprinkled with water.

Later, John Wesley arose; and John Wesley promulgated a still broader and better doctrine of election. He affirmed that God's care is not confined to the Jews, nor to the baptized, nor to the elect; it is confined to those who have repented of their sins and have undergone an experience of conversion; those he cares for and the rest he passes by. This was Wesley's doctrine of election, and it was broader than Calvin's, as Calvin's was broader than the Roman Catholic, and the Roman Catholic was broader than the Jewish.

But now we are coming to see, I think—and I believe it with all my heart—that there is no dividing line of any kind. God cares for all men; he cares for the Jews and he cares for the Gentiles; he cares for the baptized and he cares for the unbaptized; he cares for the elect and he cares for the non-elect; he cares for those who have repented and are trying to live righteous lives and he cares for those who have not repented and have not abandoned their sins, but are living sinful lives. He cares for them all—the good and the bad, the elect and the non-elect, the baptized and the unbaptized, the Jew and the pagan: they are all his children.

I am not going this morning to attempt to show you that this is true. I am only going to try to show you that, if one takes this point of view, his conception of the most fundamental doctrines will undergo a change. For myself, I accept the changes, I rejoice in the changes; and yet I do not want you to think that I am pleading this morning to make you accept these changes. Not at all. There are some of you who see them and rejoice in them, and some of you who see them and are afraid of them, and some of you see them and do not know what they mean. I am only going to show you that, whether you are glad of them or sorry for them, you need not be afraid of them. They are not going to undermine the Christian Church nor destroy the Christian faith nor weaken the Christian religion. There is no difference between the Greek and the Jew; that is the ancient statement. Its modern equivalent is: There is no difference between the Pagan and the Christian. "God is rich in mercy toward all that call upon him."

In the first place, then, we are coming to see that inspiration is a universal fact in human life. God has not made an Old Testament simply for the Jews, nor a New Testament simply for the Christians; God has not selected one nation and talked to them to the exclusion of all others. John says: "The Word was with God and the Word was God." That is God is always a communicating God. Never was God dumb in any epoch of the world, to any class of people. Everywhere and always has he spoken. In a true sense all good literature is inspired of God. Goodness and God are identical. Wherever there is goodness there is God. Wherever there is truth there is God.

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Wherever there is illumination and life and largeness there God has been at work. Does this degrade or lower the Bible? Does it make Job no longer a sacred book because I think there is sacredness in the Antigone of Sophocles? Does it make the Book of Kings no longer a sacred book because I believe there is sacredness in Plutarch's Lives? Does it make the philosophy of Paul no longer a sacred book because I think there is sacredness in the writings of Plato? Am I diminishing the glory of God, lessening the reverence that is due to God, degrading God or degrading humanity, by saying that God has always been speaking to all men, and that his speech has gone to all that listened, and as far as they listened and their hearts received and their lives followed? Did it lessen reverence for Isaiah and Jeremiah in the primitive church to say that there is also a Paul and a John to whom God spake? Does it to-day lessen reverence for Jeremiah and Isaiah, for Paul and for John, to say that God has also spoken through Calvin and Wesley and Bushnell and Brooks? God is always a speaking God. He spoke to Hannah, and she gave her child to God in the temple. Do I less believe that he spoke to Hannah and she gave her child to God in the temple because I believe he has spoken to innumerable mothers who have with not less devotion consecrated their children to God? The Bible is not given to us in the place of a speaking God; it is given to us to teach us how to find a speaking God, how to come ourselves into fellowship with a speaking God, how to listen to God when he speaks, how to receive God's speech into our hearts, how to follow where God tells us to go.

Is there, then, nothing unique in the Bible? Its history and its contents furnish the answer. There is no literature, and no collection of literatures, which, from beginning to end, has in it such a uniform message of God, as a righteous, loving, helpful God, as this Old Testament and this New Testament contains. Its laws are the laws of God—"God spake all these words;" its history is the history of God dealing with his people; its poetry is the discovery of the innermost secret of life, which the Hebrew poet finds to be God; and its philosophy is the disclosure of suffering God as at the heart of the universe, the secret of all service and sacrifice. From Genesis to Revelation its message is, God is, and God is a righteous God, and God is a helpful God, and God is a merciful God. In that respect it is unique. But is this the only word God has ever had to give the human race?

But God has not only spoken to men, he has come to dwell in men, to live in them; and to live not merely in Jews, not merely in primitive Christians, not merely in Roman Catholic Christians, not merely in Protestant Christians, not merely in Christians of any kind. The Jew said, God can make his tabernacle in a Jew but not in a Gentile; the primitive Christian said, God can make his tabernacle in a baptized person, but not in an unbaptized person; the Protestant said, God has been shut out from the Roman Catholic Church and dwells in the Protestant Church; and the Roman Catholic said, God only dwells in the Roman Catholic Church and does not dwell in the Protestant Church. Now let us see what Isaiah says. If you want to get advanced teaching, go for it to the Old Testament.

> Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord; but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.

If a man is humble, God comes to him, God dwells in him, God lives with him, God companions him, God is his friend; if he is proud, he shuts God out. What does this mean? When we say, God dwells in a man, what does it mean? What does it mean? It is a metaphor. What can it mean? The answer is given in the life of Jesus Christ. Here is a man in whom God did dwell. He did not fear God; he did not serve God for reward; he did not obey God because his conscience required him to; he was one with God and God was one with him. He thought the thoughts of God; he wished the wishes of God; he felt the feelings of God; he desired the desires of God; he purposed the purposes of God; he was in the whole scope and spirit of his life one with God. And then, at the end of his life, he offered as his prayer this: I will that they be one with me as I am one with

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the Father. And when I ask, What does it mean to be one with God? I say it means to stand related to the Eternal Father as Jesus Christ stood related to him. He breathes upon his disciples, and says, Receive ye the spirit of holiness. As the Father hath sent me into the world, so send I you into the world. What does this mean? What but this: That I in my little place, and surrounded by my little horizon, am to be what Jesus Christ was in the history of the whole human race. He manifested God to man; I am to manifest God to man; he paid the penalty for man's sins; I am to pay the penalty for man's sins. He is an example which other men can follow; I am to be an example which other men can follow. I am to do in my little sphere what he did in his large one.

That God is in men, that he comes to them, that he dwells in them just as far as they will let him dwell in them—in the Greek, in the Jew, in the Christian, in the non-Christian, in the man who has heard of Christ, in the man who has not heard of Christ, that he dwells in men just so far as they open the doors of their hearts to let him in to dwell with them, that is what we are coming more and more to believe. And all the indwellings of God in man—imperfect, shadowy, fragmentary—focus themselves on and point to the One in whom God so dwelt that it could be said of him, in truth he was the only-begotten Son of God, the express image of his person and the brightness of his glory. Is this to drag Christ down to the level of ordinary humanity? It is to lift humanity up toward the level of Jesus Christ. Do I dishonor the pure gold by saying that gold is often found in alloy with common earth? Do I dishonor the sun if on a cloudy day like this I look out and say, All that light about us is sunlight, though we can see no sun? Do I dishonor the Divine in Christ when I say, mixed with alloy of common clay, there is the Divine in every man who loves and honors, who serves and sacrifices himself for others' sake? Do I dishonor the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world when I say, It does light every man that cometh into the world, though the sun be hid behind the clouds and the man does not see it?

We are coming also to see that sacrifice is the universal law of love. The sacrifice of Christ is the very heart and center, I believe, of Christian teaching and Christian life. He lived an example which men can follow, he taught truths which we can believe, he manifested to us a God whom we can reverence; but, more than all, he sacrificed himself for us. It is right for the Roman Catholic Church and the Episcopal Church to put the altar in the place of honor in their temples; it illustrates the truth that the sacrifice of Christ is the heart and the center of Christianity; but it is there because it is the heart and the center of all noble, true living. Sacrifice did not begin in Calvary, and it certainly did not end there. Before Christ died the legend of Curtius was told, who armed himself from head to foot and rode into the great chasm which threatened to swallow Rome—rode into it that it might close and he save Rome by dying. Before the friendship of Christ for men was ever written the story of Damon and Pythias was written. Patriots had died for their country, martyrs had died for their faith, mothers had died for their children, long before the first century. And wherever a patriot had died for his country or a martyr for his faith or a mother for her child or a friend for his friend, there was manifested in smaller measure that sacrificial spirit of God which makes him the object of our worship. For we worship him, not because he is power, not because he is wisdom, but because he is love; and love means service, and service reaches its highest utterance in self-sacrifice.

When General Wood says, I will not take the commercial place that is offered me, and the fortune it will bring. I will not stop here to be feted and feasted. I must hurry back to Santiago—why? Because there is yellow fever there. I run to the place where yellow fever is; I do not run from it, we do not ask whether he is an Episcopalian or Presbyterian or Roman Catholic or Congregationalist, or a member of a Christian church at all; we know that he is showing forth the spirit of Jesus Christ. When a flagman sees a little toddling infant on the track—as one did the other day—and runs out at the hazard of his life, and catches the child and flings it to one side, to be himself struck down and

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broken and bruised and killed by the onrushing train, we do not ask whether he is a Protestant or Roman Catholic, a Jew or a Christian; we say that man did a Christian thing. He took up the cross and followed Christ, whether he had ever heard of Christ or not. For there be many who wear the cross of Christ on their bosoms and say, We follow Christ, and are walking in the opposite direction; and there be those who never saw Christ who wear the cross of Christ in their hearts and not on it, and, though they know it not, follow him.

But you say to me, Was not the sacrifice of Christ an entirely different thing from the sacrifice of this patriot for his country, of this martyr for his faith, of this mother for her child? I answer, in the words of Christ, Whosoever would be Christ's disciple must take up his cross and follow him. What does that mean, what can it mean—except this, As I have taken my cross, so my disciple must take his cross? He laid down his life for us, and we must lay down our lives for the brethren: What does that mean, except that the same spirit should be in us that was in Christ, and should show itself by the same down-laying of life for others' sake? When Paul says, I am crucified with Christ, what does he mean—except just this, that as Christ was crucified so he, Paul, is crucified?

I wish I could give to all of you my faith. If there are any here to-day who are carrying in their hearts sorrows for children or wife or friend or companion or country, who are bearing a heavy burden and keeping their faces bright and not letting others know they are bearing the burden, who are bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ, and yet, perhaps, not knowing it, or not considering that it is his law—I wish I could make them see that they are doing what Christ did, in Christ's spirit, and that, whether they know it or not, it is the God in them who is giving them their courage. I am sure it would be easier for you to take up the burden and carry it if you had the companionship of a living and risen Christ in carrying it. But whether it is easy or hard, whether you carry it alone or in his conscious companionship, whoever has the spirit of sacrifice and for love's sake is carrying the burden of others is helping to complete the work and the sacrifice of Christ. Always there has been that spirit of the sacrifice in the hearts of the children of men, because the children of men are the children of God, and it has always been in the heart of God.

And so the forgiveness of sin is a universal fact. Christ is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world: not *some* sins from *some* men in the world, but *the* sin of *the* world; largely, very largely, by what we call evangelical ministrations; but not wholly. To-day at The Hague a body of men are discussing how the world can be rid of war; and in that conference, discussing how the world can be rid of war, there are Roman Catholics and Protestants and unbelievers. They are all working together to lift one great sin from the human race by providing something that shall take the place of it. They are doing Christ's work. The Roman Catholic is doing it; the evangelical Protestant is doing it; and the unbeliever is doing it. The difference is that some of them know it and some of them do not. For centuries God has been lifting ignorance, superstition, and oppression from men. In this redemption of the world he has been working through a thousand instruments that did not understand him, any more than the ax understands the woodman who is using it. But they are doing God's work, and through them he is lifting off the sin of the world. When he has finished his work, it will not be because a few Jews or more baptized, or still more elect, or a still larger number of intelligent and consciously repentant sinners, are saved from the wreck; it will be because the world will be no wreck, but the kingdom of God will have come and the will of God will be done on earth as in heaven.

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# Books and Authors

## A Poet's Interpretation of Christianity [1]

"The Divine Force in the Life of the World" is a very infelicitous title to a very felicitous book. Of course Dr. McKenzie could not have adopted the title we have placed at the head of this article, and, truth to tell, it is not much better, for it needs explanation. The scientist proceeds always by the inductive method. He examines the facts gathered by a larger or smaller range of observation and deduces his conclusions therefrom. The poet sees the truth by a sort of vision which he afterward, if he have also some scientific elements in his nature, submits to the test of the inductive analytic method. Thus, for example, John Stuart Mill examines the phenomena of life in his search for God, and concludes therefrom that there is probably a being of great, though limited powers, largely governed by benevolence, but also influenced by other motives. Robert Browning says, "Thou, God, art love; I build my faith on that," and with this as his light proceeds to investigate the phenomena of life. Dr. McKenzie's is the latter method. A few sentences from one of the first pages gives a key to the whole volume and indicates the methed pursued throughout.

> I like the superb organ tones of those primal words of the primal book, "In the beginning, God." There reason and imagination rest. The mind may wish to venture on, but this is the last solid ground. Shall we meet there, and, unable to go farther north, come down into the world of to-day? I see the difficulty of this method. It would seem easier to start from our streets and ascend until we come to God in his solitude. But is it not best to begin with the simple, and is not God clearer than the world; concealed, confused, contradictory to us who are in the midst of it and whirling around with it? It is better to begin in the mystery than to end in it.

"Unscientific!" cries the rationalist. Exactly. That is what this book is—unscientific. But Science is not the only investigator; nor is she the only witness to be examined. The poet is a witness also, and, in truth, there are more minds able to understand and ready to respond to the poet's method than to the scientist's. Indeed, it is to the poet the world owes nearly all the progress it has made, if to the scientist it owes stability. "There are Tories," says Professor Tyndall, "even in science, who regard imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed." But he proceeds to show that advance in science has been made by perceiving through the imagination a truth and then submitting it to the test of observation and analysis. "Newton's passage from a falling apple to a falling moon was an act of the prepared imagination, without which the 'laws of Kepler' could never have been traced to their foundation." It can hardly be necessary to remind the reader that poets had believed in evolution before Darwin laid the scientific basis for that belief by his observations.

Dr. McKenzie's method, then, throughout this volume is the poet's method; and though he does not disdain to submit his vision to the test of historically ascertained fact, this submission of it to scientific trial is the secondary and less valuable feature of his volume. He assumes God and the God-spirit in man—God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul"—and then uses this truth thus assumed to interpret both the physical and the spiritual creation. He assumes in man a deliberate choice of evil over good, an intentional departure from the divine design, and uses again this assumption to interpret, or at least throw light on the mystery of evil. He ignores all disputed questions of criticism, and takes the life and character of Christ as he finds it in the Four Gospels, and beholds the divine advent in the birth at Bethlehem. "I do not see anything in the account of that night in the fields of Bethlehem more astonishing than the very commonplace circumstance that our morning newspaper, on its own showing, went to press eighteen hundred and ninety-eight years after the birth of that child." He eschews all theological discussion, even Paul's, and considers the purpose and method of Christ as it appears in the

[1] *The Divine Force in the Life of the World.* By Alexander McKenzie, D.D. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.



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life and teachings of Christ himself. He avoids all ecclesiastical discussion about the nature of the church, his definition of which is so unecclesiastical that it is worth quoting as an illustration of the spirit of his volume: "The societies formed in the name of Christ and around his teaching and himself are called churches. I do not mention this as information, but because it is sometimes fancied that there is something mysterious about a church." Then he traces the growth and influence and work of these churches under the suggestive and comprehensive title of "The Cause of Christ in the Hands of Men." He sums up the argument for foreign missions in a quotation from Henry Drummond: "I believe in missions for one thing, because I believe in Moolu." He sums up the argument for the Christian religion as a vital force to-day with its Ten Commandments, and its two commandments, and, let us add, its New Commandment, by the declaration that "There is no place where they do not make for virtue, happiness, peace, helpfulness, and length of days."

Of course to the scholastic theologian this is not very satisfactory. For it omits from its presentation much which the poet cannot and will not take account of, and which the scholastic theologian regards as of the first importance—Biblical criticism, theology, definition, philosophic explanation, traditional dogma; but for that very reason the book will appeal, as it is safe to assume the Lowell Institute Lectures in their original form did appeal, to the great mass of men who are not theologians, but who are by nature, instinct, and desire, if not in actual achievement, religious.

## Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the two weeks ending July 21. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in this and the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Seldom does one week see, as does this, the publication on the same subject of two books which should be read together in order to gain an adequately comprehensive view. The subject is China, and the books are Professor R. K. Douglas's *China* and Mr. Harold Gorst's *China*. The first-named volume is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons and the second by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Professor Douglas's work is, as might be supposed, a history of China. He restricts his treatment, for the most part, to the centuries which have succeeded Marco Polo's famous voyage. Professor Douglas writes so simply, clearly, and with such mastery of the subject, that not only do the facts in Chinese history stand out in his book as never before, but that history also becomes picturesque to us as never before. After the historical foundation has thus been well and truly laid, Mr. Gorst's book may be taken up and read with double the interest by reason of the knowledge of racial characteristics already gained. The book is also a supplementary volume to those informative works published some time ago, Lord Curzon's "Problems of the Far East" and Mr. Henry Norman's "The People and Politics of the Far East." In impressive language Mr. Gorst places before us the most important factors in the discussion of the inevitable questions now arising. He believes, as we do, that too little attention has hitherto been bestowed on the particularly Chinese point of view of matters political, commercial, social, and religious. It is safe to say that no two volumes on China give a clearer notion of past and present conditions.

To conjecture that Hindu philosophy is the most ancient in the world would be baseless. Primitive man is a transcendentalist like Berkeley and Hegel. It is not even probable that Indian philosophy in its developed forms is more ancient than the Greek and Chinese. Of the priority we cannot be sure, for oral tradition handed down many of the ancient speculations upon the nature of the world and the soul. The Hindu early asked himself strictly, "What do I know? How do I know?" In other words, the everlasting problem of the validity of knowledge taxed his intellect. Modern philosophy, with its "*cogito, ergo sum*," and its transcendental categories of pure reason, has not got beyond this question further than the Hindus. Professor Max Müller is quite right in urging the world of learning to acquaint itself with these Oriental systems, since there is nothing to be gained in doing or trying to do what has already been accomplished in the domain of philosophical development. In his latest

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volume, *The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, the venerable Max Müller has done a work for which he possessed singularly ample fitness. With the exception of Professor Deursen, there is not probably another person living so widely versed in the original Sanscrit literature. Into this book which is before us the author has poured a great abundance of learning. The pages are rich with data, with comparisons and deductions. Except in some repetitions, there is no verbosity, no empty speculations and controversies. This is the best of the recent publications of the aged Oxford Sanscritist. Only one annoying fault we must complain of, and that is the lack of order in the arrangement of the profuse material, and this fault is partly atoned for by a fairly extended index. (Longmans, Green & Co., Boston.)

*A Narrative History of the Town of Cohasset, Massachusetts*, has been prepared by the Rev. E. G. Bigelow, of that place, and is published in decidedly acceptable form. The compiler and author is to be congratulated on having put forth a volume which is not only of local value as a reference, but also is a contribution of qualitative worth to the early history of Massachusetts. The life of the early residents has been studied with care, and all resources have been turned toward bringing close to the mind of the reader that life in all its hardness and courage. The volume is well illustrated. It is published by a special committee at Cohasset.

*The Physical Nature of the Child and How to Study It*, by Stuart H. Rowe, Ph.D., is the explicit title of a valuable book; valuable to teachers and parents alike. The child is studied from the schoolroom standpoint. The classroom is the environment, the home a contribution to the physical conditions to be studied. With the candor of the careful observer, the anthor justifies his position, by stating truly that the teacher will study the physical characteristics of the pupil more carefully than the parent from the class-room standpoint. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of child study; especially valuable because it treats the subject dispassionately, does not intrude personal opinions, but rather uses the Socratic principle to inspire parents and teachers to individual study. Such a book goes far toward bringing a sympathetic relation between the home and the school. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Bishop R. S. Foster has published through Messrs. Eaton & Mains (New York) the sixth volume of his "Studies in Theology." The subject of this latest volume is *Sin*, and, like its predecessors, it is characterized by the author's vigorous effort to clear points of obscurity and to reach the truth. He favors us not only with his own learned and forceful opinions, but also with a summary of the best thought of other able thinkers on philosophy and theology. More than half of Dr. Foster's volume is devoted to the discussion of "Punishment." Leading up to this are chapters on "Adam," "Inclusions of the Creative Act," and "What is Sin?" The chief merit of Bishop Foster's books is that the layman, as well as the theological student, finds them eminently readable. They are, in the best sense, popular.

A beautifully published book is *Holy Baptism*, by the Rev. Darwell Stone, M.A. The work is written from a distinctly sacramentarian standpoint. The history of the administration of baptism and the history of doctrine concerning it is clearly put forth. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The Levering Lectures, given before the Johns Hopkins University, by Professor W. N. Clarke, of Colgate University, have appeared under the title, *What Shall We Think of Christianity?* They are the addresses of a cultured man to cultured hearers; they are intent on what is essential and vital; they deal with facts rather than theories; the note of realism is heard throughout. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

*Ballads of a Book-Worm*, by Mr. Irving Browne (The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.), is a charmingly printed book, as might be expected from its source. The poems are really more of a "rhythmic record"—following the modest author's sub-title—than a real contribution to verse. They are clever records, however, and will perhaps serve to while away an otherwise dull hour.

Mr. W. T. Campbell has published through Messrs. Harper & Brothers a volume on *Observational Geometry*. Even to mathematic-haters this book is almost attractive; it is certainly the first one in

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which geometry has been made at all picturesque. Opening the volume at random, we come upon an illustration of the Tower of London; then of Washington's Headquarters at Cambridge, Mass.; then of the belfry of Christ Church, Boston. What have these things to do with geometry? The book tells us. It shows that there is such a thing as training pupils in the geometrical forms of objects which come under everyday notice.

General Joseph Wheeler's *History of the Santiago Campaign*, about which we spoke some time ago, is now published in a new edition and with a change in the publisher's name. As we have heretofore said, the volume, while well arranged and printed, is rather useful for reference than admirable as a literary effort. (Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.)

The five short stories included in the volume called *Cinq Histoires*, edited by MM. Méras and Stern, are well adapted for reading by students who are in the intermediate stage of learning French. The authors are Dumas, Maupassant, Daudet, Claretie, and Maistre. There is a vocabulary, and there are brief sketches of the authors' lives. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

*Rosalba*, by Olive P. Rayner, is the story of a little girl, half Irish and half Italian, of her child life in Italy, and of her development into a rather odd but interesting woman. The story has interest of a mild sort and is free from any salient crudeness. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

*The Golden Picture Book* is a collection of short fairy stories well told, and with dramatic interest. The illustrations are crude and garish. The opening chapters introduce an English grandfather and his grandchildren from India. The stories are told by this grandfather to these little children. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.)

As a companion to "Uncle Sam's Soldiers" there has been added to the Appleton's Home Reading Books, *Our Navy in Time of War*, by Franklin Matthews. This volume gives the history of naval vessels and battles, both fully illustrated. In addition there are several maps of naval centers of interest, and à colored plate illustrating the different uniforms of this department of service. The editor of the series, the Hon. William T. Harris, has contributed a most valuable essay defining the field and function of supplementary reading.

## Books Received

*For the two weeks ending July 28*

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Milne, William J. Grammar School Algebra; Plane Geometery; Plane and Solid Geometry.
Duffet, F. Method for the Study of the French Language. Part 2.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Matthews, Franklin. Our Navy in Time of War (1861–1898). 75 cts. (Appleton's Home Reading Books.)
Warman, Cy. Snow on the Headlight.

FRANK A. BATES, SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.

Bates, Frank A. Lake, Field, and Forest. $1.

DREXEL BIDDLE, PHILADELPHIA

Wheeler, Joseph, Major-General. The Santiago Campaign, 1898. $2.50.
Ormerod, Mrs. Madam Paradox.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO, CAN.

Shaver, Melville A. Happy. 60 cts

THE COMMITTEE ON TOWN HISTORY, COHASSET, MASS.

Bigelow, E. Victor. Narrative History of Cohasset, Mass. $3.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Gorst, Harold E. China. $3.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK

Foster, Randolph S. Studies in Theology. VI. Sin. $3.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK

Patriotic Nuggets. Gathered by John R. Howard.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS, 3d, WALLINGFORD, PA. (PRIVATELY PRINTED.)

Furness, 3d, William Henry, M.D. Folk Lore in Borneo.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Dreyfus, Captain. Letters to His Wife. $1.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Cinq Histoires. (Claretie's Boum-Boum, Dumas' Entrée dans le Monde, Maupassant's La Parure, Daudet's La Chèvre de M. Seguin, Maistre's Les Prisonniers du Caucase.) Edited by Baptiste Méras and Sigmon M. Stern. 80 cts.

HUDSON-KIMBERLY PUBLISHING CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Griffith, William. The House of Dreams. $1.

IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO., TORONTO, CAN.

The Gospel of Matthew. (In Broad Scotch.) Rendered by Rev. William Wye Smith. 25 cts. (Second Edition.)

GEORGE C. JACKSON, AKRON, O.

Levisee, A. B. Christianity versus Orthodox Theology.

JOHN LANE, NEW YORK

Russell, T. Baron. The Mandate.
Legge, Arthur E. J. Both Great and Small. $1.50.
Mathew, Frank. Defender of the Faith. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Rowe, Stuart H. The Physical Nature of the Child. $1.
The Federal Census (Critical Essays), March, 1899. By Members of the American Economic Association.
The Statesman's Year-Book, 1899. Edited by Carroll D. Wright. (American Edition.)
Weber, Adna Ferrin. The Growth of Cities in the XIXth Century (Columbia University Studies in Political Science.) Vol. XI.)

A. C. MC CLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Thomson, James. The City of Dreadful Night and other Poems. $1.25.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK

Steward, T. G. A Charleston Love Story.
Bryce, Lloyd. Lady Blanche's Salon.
Potter, Helen F. A Man of Honor.
Dixon, Mary A. The Love Affairs of Margaret Dale.
Mendes, H. Pereira. Looking Ahead.
Sewell, Cornelius V. V. A Gentleman in Waiting.
Reekie, Charles. My Scottish Sweetheart.
Halsey, Helen Norwood. The Child Witness.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Douglas, Robert K. China. $1.50. Rayner, Olive Pratt. Rosalba. $1.

JOHN M. ROGERS PRESS, WILMINGTON, DEL.

Hayes, John Russell. The Brandywine.

THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, CHICAGO

Brown, Ruth Mowry. The Bible in Lesson and Story $1.25.
Wells, Amos R. Junior Recitations. 50 cts.

WATTS & CO., LONDON, E. C., ENGLAND

Strong, Major-General Dawsonne M. Christianity and Buddhism

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# The Religious World

### Universalist Summer Meeting

A summer convention of Universalists was held last week and this, July 29 to August 7, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. This summer meeting had been held for many years at the Weirs, N. H., but convened this year for the second time at Saratoga, a place which seems remarkable for its power of attracting the extremes of frivolity and of seriousness. The conferences were presided over by the Rev. Q. H. Shinn, general missionary of the Church. His energy and earnestness dominated the meetings, both social and religious. Able addresses were presented by the Rev. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, on "The Things that Abide;" by the Rev. W. S. Crowe, of New York city, on "Universalist Belief in God;" by the Rev. J. M. Pullman, of Lynn, Mass., on "The Contribution of Universalism to the World's Faith;" and by the Rev. E. C. Sweetzer, of Philadelphia, on "Universalism and the Bible." An interesting presentation of some of the practical work of the denomination was given by the Rev. Lyman Ward, of the Southern Industrial College, of Camp Hill, Ala., an institution which, while primarily devoted to secular education, is also to furnish training for young men who intend to enter the Universalist ministry. The various speakers, while claiming for Universalism a profound influence on the theological thought of the age, vigorously denied that the work of Universalism was fulfilled, and foresaw a still wider field for usefulness in the future.

### Missionaries to China

Our increasing interest in China, commercially and politically, gives us also an increasing interest in it religiously. However much we may desire to make Christians of the Chinese, we shall become more than ever critical of our missionaries there, if we see their work being carried on with a certain disregard of international consequences. No matter how much we may admire individuals whose courage and devotion is beyond all praise, we cannot close our eyes to the criticisms of certain observers, that the missionaries are, in some degree, responsible for the anti-foreign feeling, subversive of our interests in China, not only commercially and politically, but also religiously. This has, in the last week, received additional confirmation from Mr. Harold Gorst. He claims that the main trouble is to be found in the demand made on every convert to renounce the ancestral cult. "To a Chinaman," says Mr. Gorst, "this means not only breaking away from an ingrained and deeply-honored custom, but involves actual ex-communication from the family circle." Indeed, all Chinese morality is bound up with this strange and mysterious homage, which it is the filial duty of every man to pay to his forefathers. Once destroy the cult, declares Mr. Gorst, and the whole structure upon which Chinese society rests will be pulled down, leaving the masses of the people in a state of moral anarchy. "Apparently, however, the missionaries are content to pull down anything for the sake of obtaining a few proselytes." While the Chinese are extremely tolerant in religious matters, the objections of the Government to our propaganda are based wholly upon political grounds, and touch no question of doctrine. The *literati*, however, who represent the ultra-conservative element in Chinese society, have always been implacably opposed to Christianity, partly on account of the campaign against the ancestral cult and partly because the new faith is the means of introducing the hated foreigner. They characterize the Christian religion as immoral—an absurd charge, but one which could not have been formulated had not the societies of England, America, Sweden, and Denmark sent out large numbers of young women as missionaries.

They are dispatched to the interior in batches of ten or twelve, under the escort of a man. No proceeding could be more calculated to shock the modesty and violate the traditional usages of the natives. It would be most improper for a wife to gad about openly with her husband in a country where it is even considered indecorous for two intimate friends to mention in conversation the mere existence of a female relative. For unmarried girls to travel around with a man can have (to the Chinese) but one meaning.



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### The Crisis in the English Church

Many Anglicans believe that the reports of the present crisis in the English Church are much exaggerated. Among those so believing is Sir Charles Roe, who has seen long service as an Indian officer. He tells us in the latest number of "The Nineteenth Century" that he once had to call out a whole brigade of British troops to quell a riot caused by the stirring of the religious feeling of the Hindus and Mohammedans of his district over the apparently trifling dispute as to whether the spire of the Hindu temple should or should not be allowed to be higher than the dome of the neighboring mosque. In the course of this riot twenty-one temples and nine mosques were wrecked. While Sir Charles hopes that in England the days of massacres and even of riots are past, he feels that an appeal by either political party to the "deep religious feeling of the nation" may still produce many minor mischiefs, and it can produce nothing but mischief. Hence, the recent attitude of Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons appears to this observer anything but dignified. Sir William's shouts of "No Popery!" and of "No Puseyism!" as distinctive of a rigid enforcement of the Act of Uniformity, are, Sir Charles holds, a mere playing with the difficulty. "If the clergy of the Established Church were driven back to the old ways completely, so far as externals are concerned, they could preach the mass and confession in a Geneva gown from an old three-decker pulpit as easily as they can preach it now from the steps of the altar in the most gorgeous invention of the ecclesiastical milliner." The crisis in the Church, in Sir Charles's estimation, would seem to be, not that it is in danger of being enslaved by a small band of extreme ritualists, but that there is danger of the Protestants being led by political wire-pullers to attack it. The Protestant allegation is that, while both the English Church and the Nation are essentially Protestant, many of the clergy are endeavoring to destroy Protestantism, and to establish in its stead a sacerdotal system which differs little, if at all, from that of Rome.

### Extreme Ritualism.

Sir Charles Roe acknowledges that the extreme ritualists have introduced into their services vestments and ceremonies which give the greatest offense to Protestants generally. He insists, however, that these matters are in themselves mere trivialities; they are of importance only as they imply identity of doctrine between the Churches of England and Rome. He sums up that doctrinal position as follows: (1) The mass and confession are regarded by probably a considerable majority of Englishmen, as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." On the other hand, they are still regarded by the vast majority of professed Christians (the whole of the Roman and Greek Churches and many Englishmen) as embodying the most important truths of their faith. (2) The Church of England was established so as to allow the holding of either of the above views. (3) As long as the Church remains established, any alteration of its doctrine is, even if desirable, quite impossible. Regarding this last point, and looking at it as a lawyer, not as a theologian, and treating the Prayer Book as a mere schedule attached to the Act of Uniformity, Sir Charles thinks that the doctrines of the mass and of confession may be lawfully held and taught by clergymen of the Church of England. This decision would, no doubt, be a surprise and a shock to the Protestant party, and its first impulse would certainly be to cry: "If this is the law, the law must be changed!" Sir Charles, however, insists that an alteration of the law is impossible. "You may play," says he, "at altering the law; you may succeed in passing an act regulating vestments and ceremonies, but you cannot touch serious questions of doctrine." He aptly adds that "the spectacle of the House of Commons in committee on the true nature of the Sacrament, with all its members, Churchmen, High and Low, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, Nonconformists, Agnostics, silent or aggressive, and even Hindus and Mohammedans, having equal votes, might afford amusement to the unbeliever, but it would cause intense pain to almost all classes of Christians."

### Canada's Century Funds

The idea of commemorating the opening of the new century with a great thank-offering has taken thorough possession of two of the churches of Canada. The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches each

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propose to raise a million dollars. At the session of the General Conference of the Methodist Church, held last October, the scheme was formulated, and at the annual Conferences of Montreal, Bay of Quinte, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Eastern Provinces the plan was enthusiastically taken up and preparations made for immediate action. The Methodists hope to have their million dollars collected by October of next year. Dr. Albert Carman, the General Superintendent, and Dr. John Potts, Secretary of Education, are at the head of the general committee, while each Conference has its sub-committee to act in conjunction with the General Conference Committee. The Fund in the Methodist Church will be divided among educational institutions; missions, home and foreign; superannuation and supernumerary funds, and local church debts. Contributors are allowed to choose from among these objects one or more to which they desire their gifts to be applied, or, if so preferred, they may leave their contributions to be distributed among the foregoing as the wisdom of the managing board may direct. The scheme of raising a million-dollar thank-offering in the Presbyterian Church was launched by the Presbyterian General Assembly at its recent session in Hamilton. The plan was carefully considered and adopted. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, Moderator of the Assembly, was appointed General Agent of the Fund, and it is hoped that by May 1, 1901, the whole of the amount will be raised. A large, influential general committee was appointed, and six sub-committees, representing the different Presbyterian Synods in Canada.

### The Nestorians

Russian occupation of Persia has long been prophesied, but its coming may be materially hastened by the religious as well as by the political events of this year of grace. Writing from Urumia, Persia, the Rev. W. A. Shedd contributes to "The Evangelist" an interesting paper on the Russian Mission to the Nestorians. Last autumn there were no members of the Russian Church among the Syrian people in Persia. This summer there are twenty thousand members, if children be included. This is indeed wholesale conversion. Two years ago the Russian Church sent out two priests to make a preliminary investigation. They were cordially received; indeed, they had been urgently invited to come by the unsatisfied Nestorians. The progress of the Russian priests was triumphal. Thousands enrolled themselves as candidates for membership in the Russian Church. The report to the Holy Synod by these priests was consequently so gratifying that a permanent mission was established a year ago, and over it was placed a Russianized Nestorian bishop. Mr. Shedd thinks that the Nestorian Church (which has a history extending over fifteen hundred years) is now practically extinguished. It has been supposed that its membership comprised about a hundred thousand persons; of these less than one-third reside in Persia; the remainder are Turkish subjects. Despite great obstacles, our own work in Nestorian Persia has resulted in a body of Protestant Christians, numbering about two thousand five hundred members. A somewhat smaller body has been gathered together by the Roman Catholic mission. A third mission is that conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Shedd believes that the Russian movement now takes away all reason for independent mission work among the Nestorians in Persia at least. He prophesies that before long the missionaries will be withdrawn, or their energies directed to the Nestorians living in Turkey, until they, too, are persuaded to join the Russian Church.

### The Disciples

The religious body, now fourth in numbers in the United States, known throughout the South and West as the Christian Church, but more generally known in the East as the Disciples of Christ, began its work in this country amid the hills of Pennsylvania and West Virginia in 1807, with Thomas Campbell, father of Alexander Campbell, as their leader, in an effort for Christian union. They organized their first National Missionary Society in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1849, with A. Campbell as its President. They are planning to celebrate the Jubilee of their organized missionary work in that city, October 13–20; ten thousand persons are expected to attend.

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# Correspondence

### The Natural Order in Worship

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

May I write a few words suggested by the editorial on "Unity in Worship" in The Outlook of June 3? I cannot agree in the contention that Christian unity is to be realized, to any considerable extent, "by the use of the same, or substantially the same, symbols in worship." In the first place, when the absolutely necessary modifications have been made, the similarity, as, indeed, the suggestions of The Outlook show, will not be very apparent to the majority of worshipers. And, secondly, even the approximate uniformity proposed is by no means always desirable.

There is, however, a thought underlying The Outlook's discussion which I feel to be of the first importance. It is suggested by the words, "the natural order of spiritual development in an hour of public worship"—words which may well be commended to the consideration of all pastors of non-liturgical churches.

In the discovery of this "natural order," the ancient liturgies, embodying the results of centuries of experience in Christian worship, must, of course, be carefully studied. They are an invaluable aid to a knowledge of the universal needs of worshipers. But the peculiar conditions of our own age and of particular classes of people must be studied with no less care. It will be found, for example, that many Christians crave, in their religious service, a special opportunity for reflection, not in place of worship, but as a part of it. The service of the Episcopal Church, whose order The Outlook recommends as a model, is not framed to meet this special intellectual need, but is perhaps best adapted to a constituency which holds a relatively lower opinion of the power of preaching as an element of public worship, and even of its liturgical significance. One order of service will not meet the needs of both these classes of worshipers, and both should be satisfied.

Allow me to present to your notice an order of Morning Worship which has been in use for a year and a half in a New England Congregational church. It is by no means regarded as a general model, for, aside from any inherent faults that it may possess, it is adapted, as it ought to be, to distinctly local conditions:

SERVICE OF CONFESSION

1. PRAYER OF CONFESSION, closing with
2. RESPONSE, by congregation and choir still bowed.
3. ASSURANCE OF PARDON, from the Scriptures; *e. g.*, from Ps. ciii.

SERVICE OF PRAISE

4. DOXOLOGY
5. RESPONSIVE READING
6. GLORIA

(Congregation standing.)

7. ANTHEM.

SERVICE OF PETITION AND COMMUNION

8. PRAYER, closing with
9. THE LORD'S PRAYER, in unison.

SERVICE OF OFFERING

10. OFFERTORY, during which an anthem may be sung.
11. PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

SERVICE OF REFLECTION

12. INTRODUCTION, from the Scriptures; *e. g.*, Deut. xxxi., 12.
13. SCRIPTURE LESSON.
14. HYMN, standing.
15. SERMON.
16. PRAYER.
17. HYMN, standing.
18. BENEDICTION.

A NEW ENGLAND PARSON.

### A Home Garden

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

The Home Garden, a report of which appeared in The Outlook some time ago, is a new and progressive work, started by Miss Anna C. Ruddy, well known as the founder of the Watts de Peyster Home for Girls, and the Italian Methodist Church in Harlem. It aims to gather in the children of the street, giving them an insight into true home life, and affording them instruction and recreation. Fifty or sixty children a day were accommodated during June, and the number is constantly increasing. The change in the character and habits of the children has been wonderful. The work has been given the privilege of occupying beautiful quarters for the summer—an old-fashioned mansion on the confines of the Italian quarter, with lawns, piazzas, great, airy rooms for library, reading-room, etc. The great East Side slums are closing in all around



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it, making it an ideal place for a Home Garden. In order to keep the place $2,500 must be raised before fall; $700 of this has already been promised, and it is hoped that pledges will be given for the remainder before September. Among those who have contributed are the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Sr., Mrs. H. H. Osborn, Mr. A. A. Thompson, and others. Each one contributing $5 a year and over is counted a co-worker and is kept in touch with the work. All pledges and subscriptions should be addressed to Miss A. C. Ruddy, The Home Garden, 322 Pleasant Avenue, New York.

### The Outdoor Recreation League

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Knowing your keen interest in the children of the tenement-house regions, I wish to call your attention to the work of the Outdoor Recreation League, of New York. Last year the Outdoor Recreation League, establishing the closest affiliation and co-operation with the Board of Education in New York, began its work by establishing playgrounds and open-air gymnasiums in crowded sections of the city. Its first open-air gymnasium, known as the Hudson Bank Gymnasium, is at the foot of West Fifty-third Street. Here all practical apparatus for out-of-door work is to be found, with a director of unusual ability and training. A platform, covered by a tent, which is used by the little children, is under the direction of a kindergartner. The kindergarten plays and games interest and educate these little people; there are swings and teeter-boards for the older girls, and amusement for boys is also found here. Perhaps no benefit afforded by the Hudson Bank Gymnasium surpasses that of freedom of movement. At last there is found a place where they are not directed by the policeman to "move on." Probably the greatest testimonial of the benefits of this gymnasium is voiced by that selfsame blue-coated representative of the law, who testifies that "since this place has been opened, it's little I have to do but look on; before that, I was runnin' the b'ys in wunst ivery hour." This year the Outdoor Recreation League secured the use of the proposed Seward Park, which is located in the very heart of the Jew section of the lower East Side. This park was formerly the site of hundreds of the most unsightly and unsanitary tumble-down tenements.

The Outdoor Recreation League, which has as its most active, energetic, and unselfish worker Mr. Charles B. Stover, had watched the development of Corlears Hook Park and the Mulberry Bend Park, and determined that the unsightly pile left after the buildings were torn down should not send out its degenerating influences and its typhoid-breeding atmosphere for ten years. Application was made last year to the park authorities, giving the use of this site to the Outdoor Recreation League as an open-air gymnasium, and for money enough to remove the débris and level the ground. Park Commissioner Clausen and the President of the Municipal Council, Mr. Guggenheimer, fully aroused to the dangers if the site were left as it was, and equally aroused to the benefits that might be conferred on the children if it were made available for their use under right direction and conditions, succeeded in securing an appropriation to level the ground. That enabled the Outdoor Recreation League to equip a gymnasium. Words cannot tell what this open-air gymnasium is to the boys of this region, nor what it means to the little girls to have a place where they can move freely, where there are womanly directors ready to respond to their questions, ready to direct their games. If there is one right of childhood, it is the right to play, and of that right thousands of children in New York are deprived.

The Outdoor Recreation League must have money at once if it is to continue its work. The Seward Park playground stands sadly in need of seats where the older girls can sit down and read aloud to the little ones, and where the directors can sit to tell stories. It should also have a bubble fountain where the children can get drinks of water freely. If there is one pathetic sight above another, it is to see these little creatures standing in line, half a block in length, waiting for a drink of water, which has to be doled out to them because it is impossible to have a drinking-fountain. Here is the opportunity to perpetuate the memory of some little child. To dedicate a bed in a hospital in memory of a child is beautiful, but to put a perpetual drinking-fountain where hundreds of little creatures may quench their thirst is certainly worth far more. It

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is to be hoped that the citizens of New York will respond to this appeal and equip the two gymnasiums, or in other ways help the work of the Outdoor Recreation League, so that it may meet the opportunities which its unselfish progenitors and officers see to restore the rights of childhood to the children of our great city. L. W. B.

## Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

I am aware that numerous authorities—if there are authorities in philosophy—might be cited in support of the identification of idealism with spiritualism, which I find in your notice, July 15, of the Gifford lectures of Professor James Ward. Among them are Berkeley, Kant, Professor J. F. Herbart, Professor Samuel Harris. A radical objection will appear, however, on putting these familiar terms in juxtaposition with their respective antithets, realism and materialism, which would equally be interchangeable terms; as they obviously are not. I may believe in the reality of matter and still be as much at liberty as before to believe in the reality of mind; in which case I am neither idealist nor materialist. By what warrant, then, does the idealist assume to be the special guardian of the spiritual theory? . . . If materialism be true, it is not an account of the reality of matter, but of the sufficiency of mechanical laws to explain its phenomena. The mechanical explanation is not sufficient, but we discover the fact, not by subjectifying matter, but by understanding its laws. We refute materialism by interpreting mechanical laws in strict accordance with the law of correlation, the fundamental law of all mechanics. We thus discover the absolute necessity of an intelligently directed will as the source of purposive action, and of what is termed by Kant, the intelligible aspect of phenomena, from the total inapplicability of mechanical laws to the explanation of anything more than the simplest rudimentary motions of matter. . . . The mystery of purposive action is solved by the function of the motor nerves, which shows us the originating spiritual cause of action at one of their extremities in the brain, and its physical cause at their other extremity in the muscles. Interpreting the unknown in terms of the known, we find here an easy solution of the problem, in a spiritual conception of the world, which contravenes none of the canons of physical science; and involves none of what Mr. Spencer terms the insanities of idealism.

S. H. W.

We regard it as a mistake to view idealism and realism as antithetical terms. Modern representative idealists deny it. "Matter" is real, but not in the higher sense of reality ascribed to spirit. The term "matter" itself is but a name for a phenomenon which, in the ultimate analysis, is resolved into the non-material. "Materialism" denotes the hypothesis which accounts for all things—mind included—by the movements of atoms, according to mechanical and chemical laws. It is refuted not only otherwise, but by its simple inability to explain how these movements ever got started. "The mystery of purposive action" is not solved by any study of the mere mechanism of life, whether motor or sensory. It is one with the mystery of life itself, which defies all scientific analysis. Intelligence and purposiveness belong to all life, and life is simply spirit manifesting itself in visible being. The so-called "insanities of idealism" are rather the inabilities of those who misconceive it. It is not to be called "spiritualism," a word which carries a different meaning. Idealism holds, in brief, that the abiding and external reality is that of Thought or Reason, and Life or Spirit.

1. I read that, pending the adoption of the Constitution, there were eighty-five essays written (chiefly by Hamilton) to influence the public in its favor. These essays were written in 1787 and 1788, and are called "The Federalist." Are these essays to be had now? If so, where? 2. I read (in a Unitarian paper) that "the dogma of the Trinity originated in Alexandria, among those Christians who were disciples of Plato," and that it "did not take its present form till the seventh century." Do Trinitarians accept this as historically correct? 3. Was not Jesus filled with the Holy Spirit, and is not the Holy Spirit an influence from God? and is not this a more rational belief than that of three distinct Gods in one "Godhead"? J. J. D.

You can find the "Federalist" essays, although not, we think, in their entirety, edited by Senator H. C. Lodge, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, at $2. This book contains, at all events, the full papers by Hamilton, Jay, and Madison. There is also a book by E. H. Scott, published at $2.50, which we believe contains all that you would probably want to see. This latter book was published in 1895, by Albert & Shaw, 309 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 2. The earliest Trinitarian creed, called the Nicene, is also the most widely accepted, and dates from A.D. 325. In its shaping Athanasius, afterward Bishop of Alex-

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andria, was most influential. A more extreme Trinitarianism is that of the erroneously so-called "Athanasian" creed, dating from about the middle of the eighth century, but it enjoys a comparatively limited authority. 3. We are not aware that any recognized exponent of Trinitarian doctrine presents it as holding to "three distinct Gods in one Godhead." If you care to investigate the subject, consult "Gloria Patri; or, Talks on the Trinity." (T. Whittaker, New York, $1.)

Kindly give Dr. Abbott's opinion on confession in the Roman Catholic and "High" Episcopalian Churches. L. R.

"Confess your sins one to another, and pray one for another" (James v., 16), is obviously a precept relating only to private intercourse. Compulsory confession of sins in compliance with a church ordinance, placing individual consciences under priestly direction, is without the least warrant in the Bible. Moreover, there is abundant proof in history and individual experience that it is liable to very grave abuse.

1. Please give the limit to the law of Christian accommodation as set forth in 1 Corinthians ix., 22. 2. Can the circumcision of Timothy be defended? 3. I desire a list of the best books and articles on "Spiritual Vision." C. L. H.

1. The explanation of it is given in the preceding context; the limit of it is simply the limit between right and wrong. It is very far from intimating that the end sanctifies the means. It has to do wholly with things classed as "indifferent," *i. e.*, right either to do or not to do—things in which the law of courtesy and the dictates of sympathy and good will bid us to please others rather than ourselves. 2. Certainly; as it was not wrong in itself, and would give Timothy an advantage in his work. When it was demanded as a thing obligatory on a Christian, Paul refused it, as in the case of Titus (Galatians ii., 3). 3. Putting our own interpretation upon your undefined phrase, we suggest Vaughn's "Hours with the Mystics" (Scribner, New York, $2.50); Upham's "Life of Madame Guyon" (Harper, New York, $3); H. W. Foote's "Insight of Faith" (G. E. Ellis, Boston, 50 cents); "The History and Life of John Tauler" (J. Wiley, New York, $1.50); also "Knowledge and Feeling in Spirituality" (The Methodist Review, New York, volume LVI.)

1. What are the principles a man must subscribe to, to be considered a Christian? Must he believe that a person called Christ was conceived of a virgin, performed various miracles, underwent a resurrection of the body, and that he now sitteth on the right hand of God, from whence he judgeth the quick and the dead? 2. What proof is there of a historical Christ? 3. Are Unitarians considered Christians, *i. e.*, from the standpoint of the Protestant Church? M. V. B.

1. It is not subscription but action that constitutes a Christian. It is not believing a series of statements about Christ. It is following his teachings as to our relations to God and our neighbors, adopting his views of life and duty, cultivating his spirit of religion and humanity, imitating his example of unselfishness, truth, and purity. To be a Christian is to be in practical sympathy of will and endeavor with Christ for becoming and helping others to become what the children of God should be. 2. As much as for the historical Julius Cæsar, and more. No intelligent person now denies Jesus Christ to have been a historical person, any more than he denies that the earth is round. This, however, does not mean that everything related of Christ is historical. The marginal notes of the Revised Version of the New Testament suggest exceptions. 3. Certainly, except in the view of some intolerant or ill-informed persons.

Please answer the following questions: 1. What is the modern interpretation of the doctrine of Atonement? 2. Is it now generally accepted that the mere shedding of the physical blood of Christ atoned for sin? J. W. C.

1. The spreading though not yet the predominant view is that the Atonement is the work of Christ in producing, by his life and death together, a right spirit toward God in the sinner. By this effective revelation of divine love in self-sacrifice the sinner is made *at one* with God in hating his sins and crucifying them in spiritual sympathy with Christ. Accordingly the Atonement consists in its reconciling man to God rather than in reconciling God to man. 2. No; neither has the Church ever held that the "mere" blood atoned, though holding atonement impossible without it. The effectiveness of the blood of the cross is in making

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men see the thing it betokened—the real and effective sacrifice offered by Christ in his spirit, where he bore a lifelong cross. Observe that Hebrews ix., 22, "apart from shedding of blood is no remission," merely describes a fact of the Mosaic ritual. In saying that the blood of Christ atones we should recognize that very common figure of speech which uses the sign for the thing signified, just as we describe a transfer of custodianship as a delivery of the keys. See Dean Stanley's essay on "The Blood of Christ."

Please tell me what are the best English translations of Homer, Virgil, and Dante for an adult; also what are the best stories from Homer for children, and the best volume of Bible stories for children. Also a good simple volume on mythology containing the most and latest mythology which might be adapted to children; also a good atlas of the world of moderate price. Do you know what is thought of the Ralston Health Club? W. J. M.

Butcher and Lang's of the Iliad; Palmer's of the Odyssey is superior in a literary view, while Purves's is more literal. Dryden's Virgil, though old, is good; a more modern rendering into English verse is by C. P. Cranch. For children, see Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses," and Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," in series of "Classics for Children" (Ginn & Co., Boston). Two volumes of Bible stories are published by the Macmillan Company, New York, uniform with the "Modern Reader's Bible Series." For mythology see Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," supplemented by Guerber's "Myths of Greece and Rome." Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publish an excellent "Universal Atlas," at $3. We do not know what is thought of the Ralston Club.

Will you please tell me something of Hudson, the author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," and how this book is regarded by competent critics? T. B. F.

Mr. Hudson, as stated in the "Bookman," December, 1895, was born at Windham, Ohio, in 1834. After some years devoted to legal practice and to journalism, he took a position in the Patent Office in 1877. He retired from this after the publication of his first book, and resumed legal practice. He continues to reside in Washington. His books have had a deservedly wide circulation. While we have made no inquiry into the opinions entertained about them, we regard them as, on the whole, a valuable contribution to right ways of thinking. (Reprinted from The Outlook, October 1, 1898.)

Kindly name two or three of the best works on the Philosophy of Religion, with a word of characterization, if possible; also on the History of Philosophy. E. F. S.

Pfleiderer's "Philosophy of Religion" (Scribners, $16.80; 4 volumes), Sterrett's "Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion" (Appleton, $2), Royce's "Religious Aspect of Philosophy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $2), Caird's "Evolution of Religion" (Macmillan, $3; 2 volumes), Erdmann's "History of Philosophy" (Macmillan, $10.50; 3 volumes), Falkenberg's "History of Modern Philosophy" (Holt, $3.50).

Please name the best modern history of the formation and development of the Papacy. Is there any single volume covering the subject adequately? I am especially concerned with the period between Cyprian and Gregory I. N. S.

We think your best material for the period under consideration will be found in Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," volumes II. and III. (Scribners, New York, $4 each).

Will any reader kindly say where I can obtain an "Apologia for the Reasonableness of Prayer," by Bishop Vincent; or by whom Bishop Vincent's writings are usually published? P. L.

The Methodist Book Concern (New York) publishes some of Bishop Vincent's writings, and can supply all of them. Inquiry there fails to discover the one you name.

Please give the Presidents of France, with dates of entering and leaving power, and state whether they died or resigned. A. E. C.

Thiers, 1871–73, resigned; MacMahon, 1873–79, resigned; Grèvy, 1879–1887, resigned; Carnot, 1887–1894, assassinated; Casimir-Périer, 1894–1895, resigned; Faure, 1895–1899, died; Loubet, 1899–.

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My thanks are due to two correspondents who call my attention to a blunder in the article on Jeremiah, June 17. King Josiah was in alliance with the Assyrians and was slain by the Egyptians.

L. A.

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# FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

### The Kindergarten and the Sparrows

Little brown sparrows,
Flying around,
Up in the tree-tops,
Down on the ground,
Come to my window,
Dear sparrows, come!
See! I will give you
Many a crumb.

Sang the little children in the kindergarten in one of the vacation schools in a big city.

"Why!" exclaimed the anxious Mother Sparrow in the one tree in the whole neighborhood. "How kind and cordial! Quite different from what I expected." Papa Sparrow stood up in the most dignified way, as if to assure Mrs. Sparrow that the family were at last being treated as it deserved.

Here is some water,
Sparkling and clear.
Come, little sparrows,
Drink without fear.
If you are tired,
Here is a nest.
Wouldn't you like to
Come here and rest?

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the Mother Sparrow, her voice trembling with pleasure and excitement. "I'm not nearly so worried about the other children who flew away yesterday to make their own homes; nor about you, darling, who must go so soon," and she gave Baby Sparrow a bird kiss on the top of its head.

The children's voices floated out through the window, but there were no more messages for the Sparrow family in the tree not far from the windows.

After a time it was very still. "Now," thought Mr. Sparrow, "I will look in those windows; perhaps it is just the place for us. The music is just what I want this baby to learn. He really needs protection a little longer—but the cats!" Here he gave a shudder. When he recovered he told Mrs. Sparrow what he had decided to do.

"The very thing, my dear. How wise you are!" she replied.

Mr. Sparrow flew cautiously to the window from which the song had floated, and lighted on the window sill.

The room was bright, pretty, and so quiet, but no one was there. Mr. Sparrow was quite disappointed. He flew back and reported. Mrs. Sparrow was of a hopeful disposition, and said, soothingly: "We will wait until to-morrow. To-night is so dark that the nest will not be seen."

The next morning was bright, cool, delightful, and the children in the kindergarten were bubbling over with fun and songs. The Sparrow family listened, but this morning the invitation did not come.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Sparrow, "I think we should have gone yesterday. They may think we did not want to accept. Let us go at once." The baby was helped to the edge of the nest, and after many directions as to how to balance and steer, a push was given the baby, who, escorted by his father and mother, entered the kindergarten. The children were in the play circle, and, of course, were greatly excited by the arrival of the Sparrow family. They rose to their feet—they had been sitting on the floor—and some clapped their hands. The Sparrow family flew around the circle two or three times, and then modestly sat down on the floor. "Do you suppose they had been watching through the window? The piano spoke and the children knew what it said. They sat down at once in the play circle. The kindergartener suggested that they sing the Sparrow song.

Mrs. Sparrow hopped closer to Mr. Sparrow. "We did right to come this morning," she whispered.

Mr. Sparrow was listening critically to the music, and did not answer.

Suddenly he leaned close to Mrs. Sparrow and both rose in the air, and flew out of the window as the children sang:

All the brown sparrows
Flutter away,
Chirping and singing,
"We cannot stay."



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For in the tree-tops,
'Mong the gray boughs,
There is the sparrows'
Snug little house.

The baby attempted to fly after them, but, as it passed a corner, near a window, it discovered some rabbits, and dropped down beside them, as if saying: "I have found some friends." Baby Sparrow was quite contented in the kindergarten, to the joy of the children, and apparently of the bunnies, who were very friendly.

### The Magic Letter

By Priscilla Leonard

There was a little maiden once,
In fairy days gone by,
Whose every thought and every word
Always began with "*I*."
"*I* think," "*I* know," "*I* wish," "*I* say,"
"*I* like," "*I* want," "*I* will;"
From morn to night, from day to day,
"*I*" was her burden still.

Her schoolmates would not play with her,
Her parents tried in vain
To teach her better, and one day
Poor "I" cried out in pain.
"Help me, O fairies!" he besought.
"I'm worn to just a thread.
Do save me from this dreadful child,
Or I shall soon be dead!"

The fairies heard, and heeded too.
They caught poor "I" away
And nursed him into health again
Through many an anxious day;
And in his place they deftly slipped
A broader, stronger letter.
"The more she uses that," they said,
With roguish smiles, "the better!"

The little maiden wept and sulked
At first, and would not speak,
But she grew tired of being dumb;
And so, within a week,
She used the substitute; and lo!
Her playmates crowded round,
Her parents smiled, and all were pleased
To hear this novel sound.

She grew to use it steadily
And liked it more and more,
It came to fill a larger place
Than "I" had done before;
And each year found the little maid
More kind and sweet and true.
What was the magic letter's name?
Why, can't you guess? 'Twas "*U*!"

### Mr. Bear's Certificate

We think of queens as wearing crowns and royal robes, of princes as wearing velvet suits and ruffles of lace; we picture these royal people sitting on thrones, and receiving petitions creating knights and ladies, and making sorrowing subjects happy. Who would ever think of a queen as a very loving and indulgent grandmother, or of princes who were just a pair of fun-loving boys who demanded that their grandmother should stop a carriage that they might see a dancing bear? Yet that has just happened. Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, obeyed the commands of her two grandsons, the Princes of Battenberg. At the gate of the royal park, as the Queen and Princes drove through, was a man with a dancing bear. The Princes demanded that the carriage be stopped, that they might see the bear dance. The Queen obeyed, as loving grandmothers are expected to obey, and the carriage stopped. When the bear had gone through all his feats, the Queen offered his owner money. The man refused this, and asked that instead he should be given a certificate that would state that his bear had performed before the Queen of England and Empress of India. The young Princes, greatly delighted with the performance of the bear, could not understand why their grandmother hesitated.

"I do not see why a bear should not have a royal patent. A horse was once appointed a senator in Rome," protested one of the Princes.

This proof of study so delighted the Prince's grandmother that she said, with a proud smile:

"Tell me the name of the Emperor who was guilty of the stupid act, and your bear shall have his certificate!"

"Caligula!" shouted the Prince.

Of course the bear got his certificate. A royal grandmother always keeps her word.

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